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Can Germany be Reunited?

By TERENCE PRITTIE

LAST week I asked a number of German journalists several questions about the future unity of their country. The two most important were: 'Must Germany be reunited?' and 'How will this be done?' Their answers illustrate how far the Germans are roughly unanimous in their answer to the first and divided over the second.

Obviously the first question is the easier to answer, and, outside Bavaria, it would be hard to find a German man or woman who does not want to see his country reunited and who does not believe that this reunification is a necessary guarantee of European security and European peace. Thus the editor of the Rhineland paper, *Rheinische Post*, said to me: 'A divided Germany would make the prospect of preserving a peaceful world much more difficult than if Germany were reunited. World peace depends today on the Russians, and Russian policy is partly based on the maintenance of continuous pressure against the free nations. Can this pressure, in the heart of Germany and of western Europe, be a healthy thing? Reunite Germany and the strain is relaxed—at least in one important part of the world'. A leader-writer tacked on to this the reflection that the Russians sit today only thirty miles from Hamburg and seventy miles from the tactically important Mainz bend in the River Rhine. This threat to the Atlantic community and to France could only be reduced if all Allied forces of occupation withdrew from Germany. This, in turn, could only happen if Germany were reunited. He believed that European security could never be re-established until at least the Soviet zone—'middle Germany'—came back to the west. And European security would be all the firmer if the eastern bloc receded behind Germany's eastern frontiers of 1937.

Popular support of the idea of German reunification is based as much on instinct as on this type of coherent reasoning. German unity is all, wrote one reader of the newspaper, *Die Welt*. Even German integration in western Europe, he thought, must be renounced if it lessened the chances of German reunification. 'There are lots of German *Laender*', one German told me, 'but only one Fatherland. And

there are lots of potential objectives, but only one that really matters'. Sometimes I have wondered why there has been no popular demonstration in western Germany in favour of German reunification. 'Demonstration?' a business man recently said to me. 'Why and how should we demonstrate? Our politicians appeal for Germany unity. Our press appeals for German unity. Our people believe in it implicitly, and we don't need a society or a referendum or a nation-wide appeal to remind us of the fact'.

If Germans did require any reminder they have just been given it by means of the reintroduction of their old national anthem. In theory they will sing only the third verse. In practice, hardly anyone knows the words of it, and the first verse will soon be in general use again. '*Von der Maas bis an die Memel*' is one of its lines and almost every German believes in his heart that these should one day again be the boundaries of a united Germany. The only exceptions in a nation of over 65,000,000 people are probably the Communist Party bosses in the Soviet zone and the few fanatical separatists in Bavaria, who believe that the Prussians chose Hitler and started the last war, and who want to have nothing to do with the Prussians ever again.

It is easy to establish the fact that Germans, almost to a man, desire the reunification of their country. It is immensely difficult to find out whether a majority of the nation has decided on any single line of policy which could bring this about. Thus, when I talked to the Rhineland journalists, I immediately found protagonists of two exactly opposite methods of re-establishing a united Germany. 'We must join in the integration of western Europe', said the first, 'then we can treat with the Russians from a position of strength'. But 'We must encourage the Western Powers to negotiate with the Russians', said the second, 'only then could we decide how far a united Germany could contribute to European consolidation or whether German unification must wait for the moment'. 'We must tidy up, sign and seal the political and military agreements with the Western Powers without delay', said the first. 'On the contrary', said the second, 'we should delay ratification

of these agreements until all possibilities of four-power agreement over Germany have been explored and exhausted'.

On one side, in fact, are the exponents of Dr. Adenauer's declared policy—that of contributing to a united west which will treat with Soviet Russia from a position of strength. On the other, there are those who believe that integration of the Federal Republic in the western community will make the eventual achievement of German unity immensely more difficult. Both groups produce coherent and realistic arguments and the mass of the German people teeters uneasily between the rival theories—inclining towards official government policy when Dr. Adenauer wins a concession from the Western Powers, swinging back again when the Russians produce new 'German peace proposals', and offer German unity, a peace treaty and even a German national army. No people has ever been in quite such a mental quandary or intellectually less equipped to make a decision.

Attitude to War

Some Germans carry realism very far in deciding how this problem should be resolved. The idea of a just and necessary war in the interests of the whole German people is not so far from the surface of men's thoughts as six years ago, when German cities lay in ruins and German citizens were undergoing bitter penance by near-starvation. 'Why should we be so dreadfully afraid of war?' one Ruhr industrialist asked me. 'Isn't it obvious that sooner or later the west will have to fight world communism? The sooner the better, I say, and this time we'll be on the right side'. Another business man told me that the coming world war would give Germany her old, 'logical' objective—living-space in the east. 'What fools we were in 1939!' he said. 'We should have taken the Polish corridor and Upper Silesia and handed Poland the Baltic States. And if we had ever had to go to war with Russia we could have done another sensible swop and pushed Poland down to the Black Sea'. People who talk like this believe that all negotiations with the Russians are useless. They believe that Russia will never make a big concession unless she intends getting a bigger advantage out of it. They agree with that growing number of British Army officers in Germany who talk gaily about 'giving the Russians a knock when we're ready to do so'. The Germans are not unique in believing in power.

Most Germans today do not want a war—even a holy crusade to win back their Teutonic inheritance. Dr. Adenauer and his Minister for All-German Affairs, Herr Kaiser, have repeatedly stressed their belief that a world conflict must be avoided at all costs. How far this belief is realistic is uncertain. A *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* leader-writer, Paul Sethe, is quite clear why he is afraid of war. If a German national army were recruited it would be unable to repel a Russian invasion. If the Western Powers, having first evacuated Germany, came to their help, the Germans could still not halt a Russian attack on their frontiers. And if western Germany contributes to a European army, that army too would have to beat a strategic retreat. In every case Germany would become a battlefield and would suffer a worse fate even than that of 1945. And that fate? A Germany laid waste and its population transplanted to Siberia.

Yet, possibly, this reasoned evaluation contributes to Dr. Adenauer's own theory that the west must rearm fully and then drive a hard bargain with Russia in the next few years. Dr. Adenauer believes that more than ten years at the full stretch of rearmament would break the west economically. Herr Kaiser has told me that the west must bring the maximum diplomatic pressure to bear as soon as it has the material backing. And what if that pressure fails? The hand held up in pious horror at the thought of a preventive war makes a meaningless gesture. It is certain only that—as one German said to me—'If it becomes clear that neither the west nor the Russians will allow us to be reunited, we must organise nationally into a *Volksbewegung* and try to secure our own future'.

In time, the ideal of German unity will arouse a blazing enthusiasm and the old stick-at-nothing mentality. 'The German Reich lives as an idea and as a reality', writes the independent paper *Deutsche Zukunft*. Unconditional surrender, 'forced on us by short-sighted western statesmen', has, this paper thinks, changed nothing. The Allies, 'after arresting our last government, usurping its legal authority, and revoking German laws by one-sided strokes of the pen', still did not liquidate the German Reich. Unity remains the only worth-while objective; unity remains the only reality.

Inevitably the German mind is already wrestling with the problem of how far the Western Powers are really interested in promoting German unity. The French, according to the editor of the paper *Das*

Ganze Deutschland, have shown by taking the Saar, that they are not interested in the, for them, nightmarish prospect of a Germany reaching almost to the Vistula. Nor, he thinks, are the Americans ready to risk their plans for integrating western Europe by allowing four-power controlled elections to take place. This writer believes that the British alone realise that a divided Germany will be a menace to world peace. So Germany must plan for herself. Another German summed up the views of the four powers on the subject of German unity when he told me: 'The Americans would have it, if it didn't upset their present plans. The British would have it if they got used to the idea. The Russians would have it if they could secure a communist Germany in the long run. The French wouldn't have it at all'. Most Germans believe that the west is not ready to take a big, or even a fair, risk for Germany's sake, that there is general failure to understand that the future of Germany is a life-and-death matter, and that the western camp is far too ready to play for safety and fritter away valuable time.

Yet, however much the Germans doubt the good intentions of the west, there is little fear of a German-Russian *entente* in the foreseeable future. Memories will not quickly fade of the sack of Berlin, the communisation of the Soviet zone, and the creation of a tyrannical S.E.D. party which Germans think worse than the Nazis. That school of thought which wants Germany 'neutralised' between east and west advances as its strongest argument the belief that such a Germany would never go communist but would be a stable and enduring entity.

The Essen peace movement, headed by Dr. Heinemann and Frau Wessel, is not the poor joke which some western publicists make it out to be. Its leaders talk to full houses and provoke lively discussion. Every day they are able to produce a new and likely-sounding argument against the entry of the Federal Republic into the western camp, and in favour of immediate talks on German elections and a German peace treaty. The French will not give up the Saar; this means they cannot be trusted. The Western Powers will not give the Federal Republic real sovereignty in the new agreements; this means that the agreements are not worth having. The east Germans will be rearmed as soon as the European Defence Agreement is ratified; this means that Grotewohl can raise twenty divisions out of the People's Police while the west is securing two divisions from the Federal Republic.

It is indeed a question whether Dr. Heinemann has the wrong view or the long view of future German development. Since the war German effort has been concentrated on economic recovery. Today it could be partly diverted into the western defensive build-up against the threat of communist aggression. But even if that happens and the western front is consolidated, German effort must one day be centred on the task of reunifying the country. I asked one German what he would choose if the alternatives were a united Germany lacking the guarantee of western armed and moral support, and a free Federal Republic, under western protection but separated from the rest of Germany. His answer was that all good Germans would some day have to be ready to forfeit advantages of membership in the western community and the security which that could bring. All good Germans would have to be ready to stand on their own feet and take risks. Otherwise Germany would never be reunited. And perpetual disunity was intolerable.

A Risk to Take?

It still looks as if the Western Powers have scarcely realised that, unless there is a third world war, a risk will have to be taken over Germany some day. Too much is made of immediate difficulties. The German press, for instance, was upset to learn that it would cost 5,000,000,000 marks to subsidise the Soviet zone in the event of German reunification. West Germans remain pessimistic over the prospects of really free elections ever taking place in eastern Germany. A recent public opinion survey showed that seventy-six per cent. of the people of west Berlin and Federal Germany thought that such elections would always be crooked. In Berlin actually ninety-four per cent. believed this. Dr. Adenauer has made no secret of his own view—that no agreement with the Russians is worth the paper it is written on.

Yet the fact remains that the longer four-power or all-German talks are postponed the less likely are they to be successful. East Germany is becoming inured to communist ideology and economy. The looming threat of the creation of an east German army is even more disturbing. It should now be clear that, on the question of German unity, the west is in danger of emulating the bather who trembles on the brink but knows he must finally take the plunge. If the west refuses to take a chance it will find itself trying to break the ice on Christmas Day.—*Third Programme*

The Grapes of War

By IAN McDOUGALL, B.B.C. correspondent in Berlin

IN the months and years that followed the end of the second world war a vast and almost entirely disorganised army of people moved slowly westwards across the face of Europe until, exhausted, they reached and remained in the nearest territory in western Germany and Austria. This was an army of many component parts. It grouped together the young, the old, the sick; farmers, factory hands, craftsmen, shopkeepers, civil servants and doctors. Each had once taken his or her place in an ordered community; now they were disunited, their past a dustbowl from which they had been forced westwards into something approaching exile—though it was not quite exile, for in western Germany the people spoke German like themselves. The dialects, the customs and the prejudices might be different, but they were still among people who spoke their own tongue. In a world where almost nothing else remained to them they had at least this much in common with those among whom they now came to live.

This army of refugees—for refugees they were—was so great that even today it is customary to estimate their numbers in round figures and in millions. There are, in fact, between 9,000,000 and 10,000,000 of them. Not all are Germans by birth, although they speak the language and to them it is a mother tongue. Thus there are the *Volksdeutsche*—or ethnic Germans, as they are sometimes called. Before the war they lived in countries of eastern Europe, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, and others. Their ancestors had come from Germany and they themselves lived in communities where German traditions were carefully fostered. After the war they were expelled.

Another class of refugees were those German nationals expelled by Polish authorities from territories beyond the Rivers Oder and Neisse; those territories were once part of Germany and even today, in the view of the Western Powers, they are merely administered by Poland until a peace treaty finally decides what shall be done with them. Expulsion of Germans from those areas did not begin at once on a large scale, but when it did begin it was carried out thoroughly and, incidentally, in spite of objections from the Western Allies. Then there was a third kind of refugee—those who fled from the Soviet-occupied zone of Germany, either in fear before the advancing Soviet armies, or later, when even peace-time conditions in the Soviet zone proved impossible for them.

The four *Länder*, or provinces of western Germany which lie nearest the east, are Schleswig-Holstein in the north, Lower Saxony, Hesse, and Bavaria in the south. These took the brunt of the refugee invasion. All four are mainly farming areas, which means that from the start they were ill-equipped to assimilate large numbers of persons with qualifications by no means confined to farming. None the less, it was in those four *Länder* that the refugees tended to remain, finding a job if they could and living on emergency funds from one official source or another if no work could be given them.

The greatest of all the problems they had to face, and one which remains as urgent today, was shortage of housing. At first whole families lived in artificially enlarged shell-holes, in air raid shelters, in caves dug out of hillsides. Camps were built and many of these still stand—settlements of wood and corrugated iron and cinder tracks whose basic bleakness has been somewhat mellowed through the years into a village-like compactness. Shrubs grow in the gardens, and wistaria climbs the drainpipes.

Last year a United States and German Commission set up by E.C.A.

—the Economic Co-operation Administration—studied the whole refugee problem and reported among other points that 700,000 refugees should be transferred to other *Länder* where the housing and work situation was less acute, and that 1,200,000 flats should be built over a six-year period, to accommodate both those refugees who moved and those who stayed where they were already. The cost, even in terms of pounds, ran into ten figures, but it was hoped this would be offset by the resulting cut in relief costs and the general economic advantages of fitting more people into jobs in industrial and relatively less crowded areas.

The difficulties in the way of carrying through this or any other plan on a really effective scale have been immense and include not only the money-raising problem but also the reluctance of some of the less crowded *Länder* to accept a quota of settlers with uncertain sympathies but with the certain capacity for self-organisation. For in seven years a change has come over the demoralised



Refugees from the eastern zone of Germany in the forest of Ulzen in west Germany, where many of them have been living

masses thrown up with the debris of war. They are still poor and without firm roots, but their several communities have had time to test their weaknesses and their strength. They are no longer a rabble. The leaders, the moderates, the good men have been marked out, and so have the followers, the extremists, the sinners. Their impatience with what they regard as government slowness in tackling the problem with energy and effectualness has risen from the level of the individual and the family to that of the community.

Dissatisfaction with the Federal Government is general among refugees in all the four *Länder* where they are now settled. In all four *Länder* there has been talk of starting a trek to the less populated areas of Germany by road, rail, horse, and foot, partly to demonstrate against the Government's approach to the problem, and partly to restore hope, if nothing else, to thousands who regard their present lot as hopeless. There has already been some wildcat trekking on a small scale from Bavaria, and the federal authorities—as well as the *Länder* governments in the west and south-west—have made it clear that no help will be given to those who move without official sanction. Negotiations between the Government and the refugee leaders are still going on.

The first of these refugee leaders to arise, and the one who is mainly responsible for dealing with the federal authorities, is Herr Reinhard Noback. He is a tall, thin, white-haired man of about fifty. He used to

live just east of Berlin in what is now the Soviet Zone. He was a salesman; now he does occasional work for two local newspapers in Schleswig-Holstein, Germany's most northerly *Land* and the one with relatively the greatest refugee problem of them all. He and his wife—they have no children—live in two rooms built into a cottage loft in the village of Süder Brarup, north of Kiel—a village where, incidentally, half the population are refugees. Four other refugee families live in the same cottage.

In Schleswig-Holstein as a whole one person in three is a refugee, one person in four is out of a job. Herr Noback told me that the Government had undertaken to move 150,000 persons from the *Land* to districts in the south-west and west of Germany by the end of last year. In fact, he said, only 47,000 refugees had been moved from all four of the overcrowded *Länder* by the end of March this year. He himself, unlike many of his compatriots, had the chance to emigrate, but instead he stayed behind to organise a trekking association which now has a membership of some 30,000.

Not all the members are pledged to trek if and when the order is given. But Herr Noback regards their membership as a pledge at least of support. Talking with him, one gets the impression of a man who feels deeply about the plight of his fellow refugees, and who would prefer to solve the problem by negotiation if he could. He recognises that trekking is an extreme measure, but at the same time believes that thousands of his followers have little, if anything, to lose by it. There are two questions that Herr Noback will not discuss. The first is whether he is caught between his own apparent desire to settle by negotiation and the more headstrong wishes of some of his supporters—including communists and neo-nazis. That communists should exist at all among people that had to leave areas now under communist rule may seem curious; but it is a fact and can perhaps be ascribed to the conditions among which many of them have lived for years.

Nor will Herr Noback, naturally enough, discuss the timing of any trek he may eventually decide on. Some officials of the Schleswig-Holstein *Land* Government wonder whether in fact any real plans have been worked out. Movement on this scale would require much money to buy train tickets for the very old and the very young, to buy petrol, lorries, carts, horses and, above all, food. No doubt, however, the local population of the *Land* would in many cases help a cause that might be expected to improve their own condition by ridding them of a huge surplus population.

One group that would perhaps particularly welcome the departure of the refugees is the Danish minority in the extreme north of the *Land*. There are some 70,000 of them, concentrated around the port of Flensburg, and they regard the presence of large numbers of German-speaking refugees as potentially weakening to their carefully guarded minority rights in the area.

Only a small proportion of the refugees in Schleswig-Holstein now live in camps. Nine out of ten have been squeezed into other accom-

modation. I went to one camp just north of Kiel; it is one of half-a-dozen in that area which are by now virtually outlying hamlets of the nearest village. In so far as the camp inmates can organise their lives at all, they have settled into the landscape. All have a roof over their heads, most have electric light, and some have running water; they get a coal ration from the local authorities. A few have good jobs outside, many have poor jobs, and some do the work of the camp itself. But I do not want to give the impression that these people are well-off or even remotely so. On a sunny morning their barrack-like, improvised buildings, honeycombed with small rooms—never more than three rooms to a family—look pathetic; and when the wind howls across from the Baltic in winter, and the rain pours down on to corrugated iron roofs, the camp must be a place of draughts, mud and damp.

In the camp I went to, a small one of its kind with less than 400 people, the leader is a refugee from Breslau, or Wroclaw, as it is now called under Polish administration. If he moves at all he hopes it will be to his old home. Meanwhile he has a job locally. He does not, however, claim that all his fellows in the camp are resigned to their present abode, or that they are confident that they may one day go back to the areas they had to leave. He is proud of the way his camp is organised, and says it has a good reputation locally.

So far, as I said earlier, the only trekking attempted has been on a small scale. And if plans are in hand for anything bigger, they are remarkably well concealed, at any rate from official eyes. But even if the entire Schleswig-Holstein Trekking Association under Herr Noback moved south and west in a determined effort to reach their self-promised *Land*, the move would account for not more than 30,000 souls. There would, in fact, still remain behind some 750,000 refugees in Schleswig-Holstein alone, even if the Government's resettlement plans, which are of a far wider scope than those of the trekkers, were put into full effect at a single stroke. Trekking may solve a few individual problems but to the tremendous refugee problem in Germany as a whole there is no simple answer. Repatriation is impossible, and immigration possibilities have in most cases been explored and exhausted. There was, and is, no choice but to integrate many millions of refugees into west German economy in the expectation that one day the extra human material will no longer be a burden but a valuable asset. That point was made in the report by the Economic Co-operation Administration of which I spoke earlier.

Of course, consciously or unconsciously, the would-be trekkers have recognised the truth of this too and are in their own way trying to fit themselves economically into western Germany. The Federal Government considers they are going about this in the wrong manner, and that they may do themselves much harm in the attempt; but the trekkers are impatient with what they consider to be government ineffectualness, and are desperate for a journey's end. Some of them are already relying on themselves to make that ending a happy one amidst new and greener pastures.—*General Overseas Service*

Denmark and the Defence of Europe

By TERKEL TERKELSEN

I HAVE often heard friends in Britain, as a rule with a degree of pride in their voices, call their country 'this small island'. But I have never been able to find out for certain whether it is an expression of true modesty or whether it is a device to make Britain's achievements look even greater than they are.

However, we on the other side of the North Sea are quite prepared to accept the theory that the smallness of a country may be a sign of virtue. The whole population of Denmark is 4,000,000, or almost exactly half of the population of Greater London. If you remember that Denmark is the oldest kingdom in Europe, that it has been surrounded by a string of Great Powers, some of them with an excellent appetite, then you begin to believe in miracles, or possibly in the quality of smallness. It is true, of course, that Denmark was a Great Power in the Viking age, but that was 1,000 years ago, and today it is remembered only by after-dinner speakers on Anglo-Danish occasions. For hundreds of years the fate of Denmark has been that of a small state. We have had some bad knocks, but we have always survived. In

point of fact, it was not until 1940 that Copenhagen was for the first time in history occupied by an enemy. It was the entry of men from that little island of yours that marked the liberation. Those men of Montgomery's army will not easily forget it—Danes never will. That was our nearest approach to extinction as a sovereign state.

During the centuries I believe we have survived by drinking out of two medicine bottles, like Alice in Wonderland. Sometimes we were led to drink out of the bottle which made us look awfully big; sometimes we took the wrong bottle by mistake. For the greater part of this century we stuck to the bottle which made us appear very small indeed—we wanted, in technical language, to stay neutral. During the second world war the medicine did not work. Denmark was big enough to catch Hitler's eye, but too small and weak to defend herself.

Since then we have lost belief in Wonderland. It is no longer official policy to drink out of Alice's bottles, neither the one nor the other. I promise you not to trespass on your fairy tales any more if you will allow me to quote two lines, which have a topical ring about them:

'Will you walk a little faster?' said a whiting to a snail,
'There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail'.

There is a great porpoise just behind many of us.

First of all I must ask you to think of the geographical situation of Denmark. There is the mainland, Jutland, a peninsula jutting out from the North German plain. On pictorial maps, Jutland is often depicted as an old peasant turning his back to the North Sea, but in this Iron Curtain age it might equally well be drawn as a pistol. Depending on the hand which holds it, it may point its muzzle towards the heart of the European continent or towards the Scandinavian peninsula. Then there are 100 inhabited islands, half a dozen of them of considerable size. The islands control the two main outlets from the Baltic. That, I feel, gives you an idea of the strategic importance of Denmark. I am not going to deliver a lesson in geography. But it would be appropriate to point out that the capital is forty-five minutes' flying time from Russian-occupied eastern Germany; also that the Iron Curtain touches the Baltic at a point only 100 miles from the Danish land frontier with Germany. If you extended the Iron Curtain to the North it would go right through the Great Belt, cutting Denmark in two.

I have mentioned all these details because I want you to understand that we Danes, through no choice of our own, feel we are pretty near the hot spots of Europe. Even if we wanted to, we could not step aside. We do not feel that a declaration of neutrality would offer us any security: in that respect Hitler's attack on Denmark in 1940 has had a lasting effect. One can argue that we had been warned before the invasion took place, in so far as Hitler had proposed—and signed—a non-aggression pact with Denmark. But the conclusion we have drawn from that incident is that a non-aggression pact with an aggressive power is not worth the paper it is written on.

No Moat—and a Crocodile Running Loose

These considerations led us, as you can imagine, straight into the Atlantic Pact. Our adherence to the pact was preceded by negotiations for a military alliance with Sweden and Norway, but for various reasons this came to nothing, and Denmark, together with Norway, signed the North Atlantic Treaty. It must be difficult for anyone living in a large country which is accustomed to dealing with problems of foreign policy, to understand the revolutionary character of such a step. It was made possible only by the fact that the Social Democrats—our Labour Party—resolutely changed their traditional policy of disarmament and neutrality and came out in wholehearted support for a policy of rearmament and defensive alliance with like-minded nations. A great Englishman said, shortly before the invasion in 1940, that Denmark had no moat across which she could feed the crocodile. No guarantee, he said, could be given to Denmark and no demands put to her. But he added that a freedom-loving people always had the possibility to go down fighting.

That was true in 1940, it was honest but not exactly encouraging. It is no longer true in 1952. We have indeed no moat and a crocodile is still running loose in Europe. We do not think it should be fed, even through appeasement, out of other nations' cupboards. But we have now, as distinct from 1940, certain guarantees under the Atlantic Pact, and in consequence certain demands are being made on us. The demands—if you can use that term for a contribution freely agreed to—are being met. You can see them in the figures of the defence budget, which has been more than doubled over the last few years. You can ask the soldiers of our conscript army, who from now on will serve eighteen months instead of twelve previously. If you remember that we had to start from scratch after the war you can imagine some of the difficulties we have had in building up anything like an effective defence force. If it had not been for the assistance we have received, first from Britain and now largely from the United States, we should not have been able to move at all.

The Danish defence plans aim at a high degree of preparedness. Our goal within the next year is two reduced infantry divisions in the country itself and a battalion group in Germany under the operational control of Admiral Brind, the C-in-C, Allied Forces Northern Europe. It is significant that the Home Guard, which is recruited on a voluntary basis, has reached the strength of almost 40,000 men. Apart from the military value of this well-trained body of men with a detailed knowledge of the locality in which they are to operate, it gives an indication of a change in the temper of the nation.

In spite of all progress there are of course shortcomings. In that respect many of our problems are common to most of those of the European members of N.A.T.O. But there is one aspect which makes our situation different from that of the United States and Great Britain:

the threat of an invasion in case of a European war within the next couple of years is a real one. I remember well that Britain after Dunkirk faced the same threat and prepared to meet it. But you also had the conviction that an attempt at invasion would be staved off, or—if it succeeded in the first stage—eventually repelled. If we look at our situation, quite dispassionately, we must come to the conclusion that a similar conviction in my country cannot be founded on facts. It is not a question of temperament or courage, it is a matter of geography, as I have indicated before.

Preparations against Invasion and Fifth-column Activities

Events in other parts of Europe have shown that occupation may lead to something very near national extinction. I feel entitled to refer to the matter only because the Danish Government has made its plans and—I think wisely—taken the nation into its confidence. Preparations are made equally against military invasion and against fifth-column activities. It is, for instance, a standing order to the armed Danish forces that any attack on Danish territory or Danish units must immediately be met by force. Mobilisation is immediate and automatic, and defence must be carried out to the utmost. An order not to mobilise or to cease fire must be verified as a safeguard against fifth-column activities. It is, in short, an order for total defence, and the new thing about it is that it is made public in peace-time. None of this makes happy reading to a peaceful nation, but I am convinced that terror loses some of its worst effects if you realise its nature in advance and prepare to meet it to the best of your ability.

I would not like the conclusion to be drawn from what I have said that we in Denmark are submerged in eternal gloom. On the contrary, there is a growing feeling of confidence, but there is every reason to admit that we are travelling over a difficult part of the road. I have talked a good deal of things from a military point of view. First things must come first, for you cannot halt a tank with even the greatest or purest idea. But the communist danger is as much a threat to men's minds. As the balance between east and west in terms of naked power is drawing nearer, we should, I think, pay more attention to the battle for men's minds. Are we not resting too complacently in the belief that western civilisation is superior to all others? The ideals we take for granted like the air we breathe, are being assailed by fanatics, some of whom are capable of the greatest sacrifices for an ideology which we, on our part, regard as the worst possible debasement of all human values. We are faced with centrally directed, concerted action against all the pillars of western civilisation, and intellectual dishonesty plays the same part as the fifth columnist in the military field. Here, surely, is a sphere where half-hearted defence or complacency will not do. In point of fact, I do not think that the Atlantic community in the world of ideas, as distinct from the military field, should necessarily limit itself to a defensive line of thinking.

I know that some efforts are being made to rally intellectual forces against the communist threat, but nothing on a scale comparable to the preparations in the purely military field. Should not the people of the west, without diverting their attention from tanks and guns, turn themselves into missionaries for western ideals? Unless we are prepared to accept the Iron Curtain as a permanent feature, dividing the world, there must be a second stage to our efforts to make the world safe for democracy. In that stage, I feel some of the smaller nations of Europe may have a part to play. I am inclined to think that the size of a nation has no direct relation to the quality of the ideas it fosters, nor indeed to the type of democracy it practises.—*Home Service*

Among publications recently received are *Harwell, the British Atomic Energy Research Station, 1946-1951*. This book, published by the Stationery Office at 6s., tells how the primary object of the research scientists there is to develop means of obtaining power to provide electricity and drive ships: meanwhile by-products have been found to yield new tools for doctors, agriculturalists, and industrialists. The book contains many photographs and illustrations and a list of scientific papers which have been published by members of the Harwell staff. Dr. Ralph J. Bunche, who distinguished himself as United Nations Mediator in Palestine, gave the Montague Burton lecture at the University of Leeds on March 13. He took as his subject 'Peace and the United Nations'. The lecture has now been published by the University at 6d. The annual report of the Pilgrim Trust which has just appeared covers the year 1951. It deals among other things with its contributions to the work of preservation, for example, of the Old Palace at Oxford and the market cross of Castle Combe in Wiltshire.

Some Characters in 'The Times' History

By LORD BEAVERBROOK

THE *History of The Times* is more than an account of the changing fortunes of that newspaper. It is a valuable record of events, with much material of interest to readers and students. It is also biography. Lord Northcliffe, who was the chief proprietor of *The Times*, is the central figure. And his fame is honestly and sincerely recorded.

Then there is Lloyd George, once the hero of the British nation and the darling of the Empire. In these pages he is the subject of deep research, with many original documents now published for the first time. It is difficult for young men and women to understand the popular acclaim of this great war leader, Lloyd George. In our generation we placed him above all his contemporaries and also his predecessors. We ranked him with statesmen of the highest fame. His great good name appeared to be far beyond human disparagement.

Lloyd George 'Did Not Jump'

Now I will tell you of this statesman, as I knew him. I met him early in the first world war. I was, at the time, Canadian Government representative to the Army of Canada serving overseas, and also a Member of the British House of Commons. Lloyd George had accepted my invitation to speak to our troops at Bramshott. I drove him there myself in an open motor-car. At first he lapsed into silence, plainly thinking over the material for his oration. Then as we drove, side by side with marching battalions on their way to embarkation for service in France, Lloyd George was cheered by the soldiers. Their enthusiasm was immense. He was deeply moved by this display of affection, and I was the beneficiary of his expansive humour. He told me that he was moving steadily in the direction of the beliefs I held—the United Empire—Britain, Canada, and other Dominions and Colonies in partnership. He was for ever after moving steadily in the direction of the United Empire. But, unhappily, throughout his long life, when he came to the ditch or fence, he just did not jump. But our bond of intimacy forged on that journey was never shattered. On many occasions he was angry with me. But we never parted for long. I was grateful to him when he gave me the opportunity to serve in his War Government.

There are few examples in political life of *lasting* friendship. Events often drive devoted colleagues into opposition. Frequently personal rivalries result in suspicions that destroy political companionship. And sometimes even family associations poison the wells of human sympathy. Lloyd George was no exception. At one time or another he disagreed with nearly all of his close collaborators. He criticised some of his colleagues in and out of the Cabinet. He was particularly severe on Lord Kitchener, then Secretary of State for War, a popular and powerful Minister who had little understanding of public life. When Kitchener was refusing to give information to the rest of the Cabinet he explained to Prime Minister Asquith: 'My colleagues tell military secrets to their wives, all except one—and he named him—who tells them to other people's wives'. Nevertheless Lloyd George at the Cabinet demanded detailed information about supplies of shells. Kitchener once more objected. At last he turned in desperation to his friend Prime Minister Asquith, saying 'Must I answer?' The Prime Minister replied gently: 'You must. Cabinet members are entitled to know'. 'Very well', said Kitchener, 'I will answer—next month'.

Sometimes Lloyd George, when in conference with Kitchener, would carry on conversations with one of his colleagues in Welsh. Kitchener would then suspect that he was the subject of some sort of conspiracy, and the meeting would go worse than ever. One day Kitchener scored. He was being pressed by Lloyd George and Edwin Montagu, whose family was connected with the famous house of Samuel Montagu and Co., highly respected Jewish bankers. The two Ministers retired to a corner for whispered consultation. Kitchener knew quite well some further pressure on him was under consideration. Turning to his neighbour, he said 'Good Heavens! that fellow George talks Yiddish too'.

While I was a member of Lloyd George's Government, my own relationship with Lloyd George was not free from pain. When I agitated in public for the fulfilment of Empire pledges, given by Lloyd George

perhaps under pressure—and I ought not to have done so for I was a member of his Government—he wrote Bonar Law: 'That is Max! Having regard to the risks I ran for him and the way I stood up for him when he was attacked by his own party, I consider this a piece of treachery. It explains why no man in any party trusts Max. I am sorry, for I had sincerely tried to work with him'. This letter was, of course, an invitation to resign. But I would not resign. He was harder still on some old Cabinet colleagues. He decided to sack Hayes Fisher. He sent a short message: 'The Prime Minister does not care if Hayes Fisher is drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine, but he must be a dead chicken by tonight'. It is fair to add that this was a war-time dismissal.

In the Coalition Governments, Lloyd George and Bonar Law, the Tory leader, got on together very well indeed. There were conflicts, but usually of a trifling character. It was on the terrace of the House of Commons, when these two famous men were entertaining Clemenceau, Lloyd George was praising Mr. Gladstone. 'He was a splendid leader', declared Lloyd George, the Liberal. 'He was a public nuisance', said Bonar Law, the Tory. Lloyd George flushed with anger. 'Gladstone was a great man', he cried. 'Gladstone was a great fraud', said Bonar Law. Clemenceau put his arm around Lloyd George's shoulders and in a comforting voice he declared: 'All great men are great frauds'.

Lloyd George had his finest hour too. It came as late as the spring of 1918, when our line of defence on the western front had been broken. Our troops were in retreat, the Russian armies were out of the war—and the American armies had not yet come in. Pressure was put upon him by Lord Milner and General Smuts and others for a hang-dog peace. Lloyd George pierced the gloom of doubt and indecision. He refused to contemplate any plan for retreat. He talked only of attack. His courage was rewarded within one year. Our armies rallied and at last rolled on to victory. Lloyd George was rapturously praised and flattered everywhere.

Now came the era of post-war government. Conditions were difficult indeed. Yet Lloyd George was still the favourite son of the nation. And when I declared in print: Lloyd George must go if he refuses to fulfil his promises of Empire freedom in trade—Bonar Law assured me 'Lloyd George can be Prime Minister for life if he wants to'. Bonar Law was wrong. Within two years, the Tory leader was compelled to break and crush Lloyd George, not only in parliament, but at the polls too. Most people will say now, 'And a very good thing'. But Lloyd George never again succeeded in any political campaign. There was no place for him in the councils of the nation. He was rejected and also neglected. The English should not have burnt their own Joan of Arc. The reaction will come in time. History will do justice to him.

Geoffrey Dawson and the Abdication

Now I come to a curious matter. This monumental work, which is written by Stanley Morison, tells of the decisive part played by *The Times*—and by its editor, Geoffrey Dawson—in the abdication of Edward VIII, King. But the dramatic story is not boldly brought out, as the important part played by *The Times* in the Munich crisis is brought out. Instead, it is hidden away in an appendix. Munich turned out to be a failure—and *The Times* frankly admitted its share in that episode. The abdication was successfully carried through with the essential aid of this newspaper—and *The Times* book buries it in a back section. Why? Is there an element of apology in this too? I am not taking up any partisan attitude in this matter. Nor do I desire to rake over the dead embers of this controversy. All that is history now, and as such it is told in *The Times* book. But it is interesting to see both what *The Times* did on that occasion and what it says now about what it said then.

These are the facts which the book sets forth:

- (1) That the editor of *The Times*, Geoffrey Dawson, was the most important factor—with the sole exception of the Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin—in compelling the King to abdicate.
- (2) That he did it by methods which many would condemn.

(3) That he pursued his quest with a vigour that seemed more like venom.

What kind of man was this formidable Dawson? I knew him, not intimately, for a quarter of a century. At the time of the abdication crisis, he was a man of middle weight, with a good head, going a bit bald, and a rather flushed face. He walked with a firm tread. He would have looked well, and he would have done well, on the bridge of a battleship. He had a commanding attitude. He was not especially attractive in appearance, though if he was in any company you soon realised he was there. He was a *somebody*. He liked to dine in important company. He had an excellent taste in port wine. He was not like Pitt, a two-bottle man, but Dawson could be depended on for three full glasses. He had a clear head and reckoned that he knew his own mind—though perhaps what he really knew was his friend, Lord Milner's mind, which he mistook for his own.

He had been editor of *The Times* under Northcliffe. And he had been turned out for praising Lloyd George. He was appointed the editor again under Astor and John Walter, and from that time forward he never ceased to abuse Lloyd George. While he was out of employment—and while Lloyd George was still in office—Lord Milner, the Colonial Secretary, asked Lloyd George to appoint Dawson, Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies. George would not. Then Lloyd George offered Dawson the editorship of the *Daily Chronicle*, which was controlled by the Prime Minister. Dawson would not. When Chamberlain became Prime Minister, he put forward a list of suitable names for the Governor-Generalship of Canada, including Dawson's. But Canada would not.

Now here is the factual account of the constitutional crisis taken from *The Times* Appendix. That Dawson was of more importance than any of the Prime Minister's Cabinet colleagues, is made abundantly clear in Mr. Morison's narrative. Dawson was almost invariably consulted first. The crisis was launched by a letter written by Major Hardinge to his master, the King. Dawson saw that letter in draft and approved it. Thereupon Dawson set out on a propaganda canvass of public men.

Then, when the King put forward to Baldwin the project of a morganatic marriage—that is, that he should take a wife but not a queen—Dawson was consulted by Baldwin. Only after this consultation was the project submitted to the Cabinet and the Dominion Governments. When the replies came in, Baldwin conveyed the information to Dawson before he took it to the King. Dawson sat with Baldwin, comforting and encouraging him, when the Prime Minister lost his nerve. Then editor Dawson conducted a campaign in *The Times* advocating the importance of keeping the Crown and its representatives remote from glaring personal scandal. Dawson was intimidating the King in code. He succeeded in terrifying His Majesty.

About this time I was in New York. The King telegraphed and telephoned me to come to London. It is stated in *The Times* book that Dawson, when he knew that I was due to arrive, threatened to print a leading article attacking His Majesty in order to block any help that I might be able to give. And on arriving at Fort Belvedere,

where the King was in residence, I found him in terror of Dawson. He had sent Sir Walter Monckton to the editor, asking that he might have a promise that the so-called 'Full Life' of Mrs. Simpson would not be published. He received an assurance that publication would not take place in the next issue. Cold comfort.

When Dawson set out to mobilise opinion against the King in the columns of *The Times*, he deliberately suppressed all letters which were in favour of the King—and at the outset, as is stated in *The Times*

book, they were overwhelmingly so. Then, at the end, he made three disreputable assertions in his leading articles. He wrote that all would have thought Edward fit to rule, if he had never ascended the Throne. He branded Mrs. Simpson personally in the severest language. And he declared that King George V's last days had been clouded with anxiety for the future. This information was supplied by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who told Dawson that King George's death had been hastened by his son's infatuation.

All the foregoing facts I take from the exciting Appendix of Stanley Morison's *History of The Times*. No doubt I put a different interpretation upon some of these events, but the accuracy of the narrative cannot be disputed. There is one notable omission. Stanley Morison does not tell that editor Dawson published one piece of journalism which was innocent on the surface, but which carried wounding and malicious innuendo. He does tell that public opinion was heavily on the side of the King and the King's proposal for a morganatic marriage. *The Times* successfully swayed public opinion in the opposite direction. The King, now the Duke of Windsor, went into exile when he boarded the destroyer *Fury* that foggy December night, and put out to sea for France. He has not yet returned.

One day shortly after the abdication, President Roosevelt asked me to go to Washington. He examined me in every detail of the royal tragedy. He could not understand it. He quoted the old saying that no man should ever resign, but wait to be sacked. I replied that I never could discern any real purpose or steady policy in the conduct of

the King. It seemed to me that he just allowed himself to be pushed out. President Roosevelt was not convinced. Years after, when the President was dead, I was given an explanation of the conduct of the King in a single sentence. When the Duke of Windsor disembarked from *Fury* at Boulogne and bade farewell to the friends that had come with him, he turned to one of them and said, 'I always thought I could get away with a morganatic marriage'.

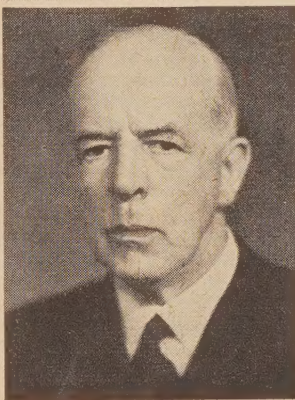
So the King had a policy after all. Clearly it had been his intention to barter the threat of abdication against government acknowledgment of the morganatic marriage. The game was played to the end, and *The Times* and Mr. Baldwin won

the last trick. If I had known of this conversation before the death of President Roosevelt, I could have given him the answer to his question in the words of a King: 'I always thought I could get away with a morganatic marriage'.

All these events are past and gone. It is long since, and this is my seventy-third birthday. Telling me I do not look it, will not help me at all. Nothing helps me now, except the inheritance of much strength derived from the frugal lives of my Scottish forebears, transplanted to the harsh and infertile soil of eastern Canada. The past now lives in my memory. The future has no place. And it is out of the past that I recall the brilliant men of action who march through the pages of *The History of The Times*.—Home Service



Lloyd George with soldiers at Rhyl, North Wales, in 1916. Right: Geoffrey Dawson, editor of *The Times*, 1912-19 and 1923-41



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 2d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

'Hobnobbing'

THE Fourth and Final Volume of the History of THE TIMES', as it is called on the dust cover (though we must all hope it is not the final volume) is the most significant contribution that has yet appeared to the 'inner history' of England between the two German wars. It is full of enlightenment for the chronicler of our own days, of wonder for the professional journalist, and of provocation to the *raconteur*. The work has happily induced Lord Beaverbrook to tell the world in two broadcast talks (one of which we print today) some of his memories of Lord Northcliffe, Earl Lloyd George, and Geoffrey Dawson. Northcliffe is fast becoming a legend of Fleet Street, and Lord Beaverbrook, whose power has been not dissimilar to his, will one day be a legend too, but not the same kind of legend. It was fascinating to see and hear this famous newspaper proprietor (and stream-lined journalist) discourse upon his contemporary.

Lord Beaverbrook tells us that at one time Lord Northcliffe hoped Lloyd George would make him Lord President. Lloyd George described in his memoirs how Northcliffe had wanted to be an official representative of the Government at the peace conference in 1919 (though *The Times History* questions this). As it happened, Northcliffe never was a Cabinet Minister. On February 29, 1919 (so the letter is dated, though 1919 was not a Leap Year) Northcliffe told the deputy editor of *The Times* that he had 'twice refused high office' and added: 'I do not believe in hobnobbing with politicians . . .' If that were true, he was a rare bird among newspaper proprietors and editors. Geoffrey Dawson, the hero (or villain) of much of this *History* 'liked', as Lord Beaverbrook says, 'to dine in important company'. He used to meet his friend, Lord Milner, and other people of weight every Monday for dinner. In later years *The Times* had to be prepared for press while Dawson was dining with Lord Halifax or the Prime Minister and crucial decisions at the office might have to be shelved until he came back. Dawson in fact was the politician *par excellence* in the editorial chair. He refused to print letters from distinguished correspondents, ranging from Lansdowne's famous letter on a negotiated peace to letters about the abdication of King Edward VIII and the position of Mr. Churchill, because he thought they were contrary to public policy, *i.e.*, Dawson's own policy, worked out presumably after reflections at his dinner parties. In the days of Chamberlain's appeasement campaign, he kept unkind remarks about Hitler out of the foreign news columns.

On the other side, Lloyd George, of whom Lord Beaverbrook also speaks, was aware of the value of politicians 'hobnobbing with the press'. Lord Riddell was his intimate friend; he was on very close terms with the editors of *The Manchester Guardian* and *The Glasgow Herald*; Lord Beaverbrook served in his Government; Lord Rothermere and Lord Northcliffe held posts with the war-time Coalition. But after the war of 1914-1918 ended, the bulk of the press, from *The Manchester Guardian* to *The Observer* attacked him for one reason or another, and he had to buy the *Daily Chronicle* to ensure the expression of his point of view. Possibly, indeed, the memory of these fierce newspaper assaults on Lloyd George's policies caused subsequent British Prime Ministers and many other politicians to feel critical of the press, a feeling which culminated in the appointment of the recent Royal Commission. Nowadays some statesmen and influential journalists 'hobnob' and some do not. Clearly there are dangers both ways. For to preserve a sense of detachment or an attitude of sangfroid after a spate of hobnobbing requires the strongest will. It can be done and has been done; but it may be doubted whether these qualities are in fact often preserved.

What They Are Saying

Moscow broadcasts on American strategy

ON SUNDAY, MAY 25, THE EVE of the signing of the contractual agreements with Federal Germany, Moscow radio broadcast the text of new Soviet Notes to the Western Powers proposing immediate four-power talks on German unity. The Notes accused the Western Powers of doing everything possible to delay the conclusion of a German peace treaty and said it was therefore 'incumbent on the German people to seek their own ways of securing a peace treaty and the unification of their country'.

Many western commentators last week forecast critical days ahead, but the general consensus of opinion was that though Russia would intensify her war of nerves, it was unlikely that she would permit her puppets in East Germany to embroil her in a world war. Typical of the propaganda by communist leaders in the Soviet zone was an Ascension Day broadcast by Gerhart Eisler:

The General War Agreement is the American knife with which Germany is to be brutally cut in two. This American knife is to cut right through the territory and the people, right through the heart of every German, right through everything that is dear and holy to us. Their intention is to cut Germany in two . . . the better to be able to swallow her.

Another major subject of comment last week was the report on the military situation in the Far East which General Ridgway gave before Congress. The *New York Times* was quoted as approving, in particular, his warning to the free world against the lies perpetrated by communist propaganda about bacteriological warfare. It went on:

The same mendacity, rapacity and other soullessness can be expected in the future. . . . This plain talk from a good American is an indication that he is not deceived. It behoves us also not to delude ourselves with false hopes and wishful optimism. We are in a deadly struggle with a deadly antagonist.

Like the communist press everywhere, *L'Humanité* has, for weeks past, been conducting a campaign denouncing General Ridgway as the author of germ warfare in Korea, and calling upon the French people to agitate against his appointment in Paris. Last week (a few days before one of the editors of *L'Humanité* was arrested) the Catholic Conservative *Le Figaro* and the Radical Socialist *L'Aurore* were quoted as calling for strong measures against this 'monstrous agitation', with its undisguised appeal to violence and disorder. *L'Aurore* commented:

All this propaganda against Ridgway, following on the propaganda against Eisenhower, is propaganda dictated and paid for by a foreign Power which has still not abandoned hope of enslaving or annihilating us. . . . Frenchmen expect energetic measures from their government against those who behave like enemies of the nation.

Side by side with condemnations of General Ridgway as 'the author of germ warfare', broadcasts from the communist world made great play with the incidents in the prisoner of war camp on Kojé Island. The line taken in a Moscow broadcast to America was typical of that in Moscow broadcasts to all audiences:

There is a very close tie-up between the abuse of Chinese and Korean prisoners on Kojé Island and the policy which the American ruling quarters pursues in the armistice talks. . . . The shooting of defenceless prisoners, the violence and torture, are all part of the policy of the United States Government to blast the Korean truce talks.

The Soviet home public was assured that the Americans 'do not recognise any human laws' and that the United States Army was 'the most cruel and inhuman army of our time'. A typical example of communist comment came from Bucharest radio, quoting *Scanteia*:

The news of the horrors on the Kojé Island of death and terror has shattered the whole world. Kojé recalls the sinister image of Nazi extermination camps. . . . Like the Nazi butchers, the American cannibals have set up on the island chemical and bacteriological laboratories, where thousands of prisoners find their death in experiments with toxic gas and bacteria of plague and pest.

Meanwhile, this week, yet another 'peace' conference is to be held—this time in Peking. One of those present in Peking will be the Dean of Canterbury, who was quoted by Prague radio—on his way to see 'the new China'—as saying that there would be 'an immense moral revulsion' in Britain when the 'truth' about bacteriological warfare became known.

Did You Hear That?

THE CLEANEST OFFICE BUILDING IN THE WORLD?

LEONARD MIALI, B.B.C. Washington correspondent, described New York's new skyscraper, Lever House, in a talk in 'The Eye-witness'. Three things impressed him about it: 'One', he said, 'was the effect of the blue glass, of which the whole building is made, reflecting light clouds scudding across the sky; ornamental water gives you the same effect on a still day, but somehow it is strange on a broad wall of a skyscraper twenty-four storeys high and a whole block wide. The second thing that struck my notice was the gondola used for cleaning the windows: a white cradle hanging down from the top of the building with two men hard at work washing the windows. There was no cradle slung from a balcony, but a permanent instalment. Around the top of the skyscraper there is an ordinary railway track with a ten ton power-plant car. This can drive along all sides just inside the cornice, or can be parked out of sight in the middle.

'From it the gondola runs up and down the side of the building on stainless steel tracks six windows apart. In this way all 1,404 windows can be kept clean and dazzling at all times. The whole exterior of the building can be washed by the two men, using this gondola, in six days, for the walls are made entirely of glass and stainless steel. The windows do not open, which economises both air-conditioning and heating, and for that matter, cleaning, for the soot is kept outside. There are no window sills and therefore no perching pigeons.

'Thirdly, I was impressed, as I approached, by the fact that the skyscraper occupied only a small part of the expensive site on one of New York's smartest avenues. Much of the area was devoted to a garden, gay with azaleas and a large weeping willow tree freshly installed. The building seems to be standing on stainless steel stilts, and is open to the street on three sides.

'The inside of Lever House is just as modern as the outside. The first surprise is that from the inside the glass looks white, though it looks blue from the outside. It is tinted on one side only, and keeps out a third of the glare and heat. There are virtually no private offices: each floor consists largely of one spacious office room with files in the middle and no desk further than twenty-five feet from a window. The desks are all beige in colour, specially designed so that no glare comes from the surface. One of the main reasons for the light coloured desks is to prevent refocusing your eyes on a sheet of paper. Five miles of fluorescent tubing provides the 1,200 people who work there with a soft light, but with about three times as much of it as is usually found in offices. The company claims that it is the cleanest office building in the world'.

WHAT IS AN INN?

'One Saturday night a few years ago', said DUDLEY PERKINS in 'Can I Help You?', 'a certain man called at a public house for a drink. He had gone there on his motor-bicycle and he parked the machine in a

covered yard which belonged to the pub and adjoined it. In fact there was a notice over the entrance to the yard which said "Wheatsheaf Hotel—Covered Yard and Garage". That notice was almost, you might say, an invitation to motorists or cyclists to leave their cars or machines in this yard when they went in for a drink. When the man came out, his motor-bicycle was gone. It had been stolen. So he sued

the publican in the courts for damages for his loss. He lost his case. The first and fundamental reason why he lost was that he could not prove that this public house was an inn. Lots of "pubs" or taverns call themselves "inns"—though in the eyes of the law, they are not inns at all. In English law the word "inn" has a very special significance. It does not depend on the smallness of the place nor on its great size or grandeur whether a place is an inn or not. The Grand Hotel Magnificent with hundreds of rooms may be just as much a common inn—in law—as a humble village hotel with only two bedrooms for visitors. In Scotland, by the way, the word with the same legal significance as "inn" is "hotel". It is confusing, but I must explain this for the benefit of those in Scotland.

"The Wheatsheaf" was not an inn—in the legal sense—because it was not a place where people could stay the night. There were no bedrooms for them. Therefore the publican did not carry the special responsibility I mentioned for the goods or cars or motor-bicycles of his visitors. The court agreed the pub was not an inn and decided that all the publican had done was to offer a place where the motor-bicycle could be left at the customer's own risk. So he was not responsible for the loss.

A case last year shows how different the decision might have been if the pub really had been an inn—in the legal sense. A man drove to his "local" for a drink after his day's work. He was driving his car and he went past his home for about a mile down the road. In front of the inn was a car park intended by the proprietors as a place where their visitors could park their cars, and there was a notice displayed which said that the proprietors took no responsibility for the safety of these cars. While the man in this case was having his drink his car was stolen—just as the motor-bicycle had been stolen in the first case. But this time the proprietor of the inn was held responsible and liable to pay damages. He was responsible in spite of that notice by which he disclaimed responsibility: and responsible, although he had not been negligent. The reason was that he kept an inn—and therefore had to carry the legal responsibilities of all innkeepers.

An inn (or, in Scotland, a hotel) is a place which offers both lodging and refreshment. It offers to take all who are willing to pay a price according to the standard of accommodation, and who are fit to be received—that is, not drunk or excessively dirty or verminous. An innkeeper is called in law a common innkeeper and his inn a common inn because—within the limits I have just mentioned—he must take in everyone who comes. He cannot pick and choose. So long as there is room, or food or drink, he must entertain all comers. A place calling



Lever House, New York's new skyscraper

itself a private hotel may really be an inn, if it is open to all who care to call for food, drink or lodging and pay the price. In fact, most hotels, however grand and expensive, are, in law, inns'

WILLIAM MORRIS' RED HOUSE

The Minister of Local Government and Planning has confirmed an order for the preservation of Red House, Bexleyheath, the house built in 1859 by William Morris, in co-operation with the architect, Philip Webb. An expert on the architecture of the period, JOHN BRANDON JONES, spoke about the house and its importance as an architectural landmark in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'With the help of Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and other pre-Raphaelite friends', he said, 'Morris intended to decorate his rooms with wall paintings, while their wives worked at embroidered hangings. Those visitors who proved less skilful with the brush or the needle were set to work to paint the ceilings, filling in with colours the patterns pricked out by Morris and his architect in the new plaster. As for furniture, Morris would have none of the ready-made pieces available at that time, so he and Webb set to work to design what was needed. Even the table glass was made specially from drawings by Webb. It was the difficulty of getting the furnishings made that gave Morris and his friends the idea of starting the firm that later became famous for the manufacture of furniture, fabrics, and stained glass, of design unequalled in Morris' day or since.

'From the decoration of Red House there sprang an international revival of craft work, and this makes the house a place of pilgrimage to those interested in the useful arts. And the house itself, set in an old orchard, surrounded by lawns and flower borders, is as delightful as any of its original furnishings. It has been said that Red House was revolutionary, but the architect himself distrusted revolutions; his aim was not novelty, but steady improvement of what had gone before.

'Red House was intended not only as a home, but also as a workshop, and as a meeting place for a group of friends. The arrangement of the rooms was unusual, because of the activities for which the house was planned. The building is shaped like an L, with the entrance in the short arm which faces north. The stair takes you up to the drawing room, and the studio. The studio is the most important room in the house, and as well as a north light for drawing, it has windows to the east, and a sunny alcove to the south in which Morris had his desk. The drawing room is at the junction of the two arms of the L; its north windows were intended to light the wall paintings, and it has an oriel to the west, overlooking the bowling green. The furniture included a huge painted settle, still there, built on such a scale that its top side is a minstrels' gallery'.

COMPLICATION NEUROTICS

'I believe I have discovered something that has so far escaped the attention of professional psychologists. My name for it is complication neurosis. Complication neurotics', said PAUL JENNINGS in 'Woman's Hour', 'are the people, always just in front of you in the shop queue, who either do not know what they want or have some terribly involved business which ends in the manager being brought out from his office and large books of regulations or accounts being consulted.

'Men can be complication neurotics. In a bank, when you want to cash a cheque for £5, they always have battered attaché cases full of little blue bags full of pennies. At the railway station, when all you want is a third class return for the train to Birmingham that is leaving in two minutes, they want a ticket to some island in the Hebrides, that has to be written out on a form, with a lot of footnotes about sailing tickets and insurance.

'Naturally, in shops one sees more female sufferers from this ailment. They look for a long time with pursed lips at the biscuits, and then they say "Haven't you got any garibaldi's?" Of course the shop has some, but it means that the assistant has to leave the waiting queue and go down to the basement for a new tin. And when they have got their

garibaldi's or whatever it is, they look at them in a doubtful kind of way, as if they had expected something different. They are silent for a long time, then, "Yes I think I'll have some. Oh, I don't know, though, they're rather expensive aren't they?" And all the time, normal people, like you or me, stand impatiently behind with a brisk, businesslike demand for a "packet of cornflakes, please" trembling on our lips.

'I am not saying that men are always well-behaved in shops, humorously smoking pipes and being tolerant and patient. It is easy to be like that if your shopping is of the casual kind; I am sure it is very different if you have got a husband and three children to feed.

'I once wrote an article about these people, so psychologically different from us, who know what we want. I suggested that some attempt at what might be called "psychological grading" should be made. I was going to apply this scheme first of all in post offices. You know in the ordinary branch office, where they have six positions, labelled Stamps, Money Orders, Telegrams, and so on? In my reformed system there would still be six positions, only two of them would be labelled SIMPLE and the other four COMPLICATED. There would be a trained psychologist at the door who would be able to tell straight away if the customer was like me, simply wanting a book of stamps, or one of these complication neurotics,

with thousands of parcels, or their married daughter's savings book on which the name had not been changed, and the baby had got jam on these two pages, etc.

'A complication neurotic, greeted by this psychologist, "Good morning, sir, or madam, what can we do for you?" would only have to open his or her mouth and say vaguely "We—ll", the way they all do, and the psychologist would courteously direct him or her to the COMPLICATED part, where there would be lots of other complication neurotics, and they could chat over their little problems all day, over cups of special post office coffee, while people like me came in, got their book of stamps, and whisked out again to get on with the business of life.

'I cannot help thinking that all this would be a good idea at the grocer's and the butcher's too. And if we had a psychologist in the shops, perhaps he could also do something to adjust those ill-balanced people who, when I do the shopping, get so impatient behind me in the queue when I make some perfectly simple and legitimate complaint. I noticed the other day, they were all terribly cross behind me when I was telling the assistant that last week's meat was too fat'.



Stairway and landing of Red House, Bexleyheath: the wallpaper was designed by William Morris

National Buildings Record

An Economist Looks Round Moscow

By A. K. CAIRNCROSS

IF I happened to be a Russian, transported to Piccadilly for a fortnight, I doubt whether I should go back, when the fortnight was over, confident that I knew much of what was going on in Britain. I should be unlikely to fathom the way the capitalist economic system is controlled or the feelings of the average Englishman about his government. But I should certainly carry away some lively impressions of the more striking differences between London and Moscow.

Motives for the Conference

The visit that I paid to Moscow last month in connection with the International Economic Conference was, in fact, for no more than a fortnight and I had not even the advantage of knowing the language. The main object of the conference, at any rate from the Russian point of view, was presumably to allow the U.S.S.R. to pose as the protagonist of an expanding international trade and to throw into relief the dislocation resulting from the trade restrictions imposed by the North Atlantic Treaty Powers. It is quite on the cards, however, that there were other motives at work and that the conference was thought to have an important commercial value, since it enabled the Russians to impress on many countries with which they had had only limited dealings in the past, their potential importance either as a market or as a source of supply. In addition, the eastern countries were undoubtedly constrained by the very fact of the conference to try to make it a success by concluding a large volume of business which they might otherwise have been reluctant to negotiate. So far as I could judge, the Russians had no fixed plan of campaign for the conference—beyond refraining from controversy and taking as moderate a line as possible—but broadened their conception of its possible uses as time went on. In this process of broadening, at least as much was due to suggestions made by western delegates as to any clear initiative on the part of those from the east.

Apart from the business of the conference, we had ample opportunity to look round Moscow on our own, with or without the help of interpreters. We were able to put questions with complete freedom to a large number of Russians and were given prompt, polite, and direct replies. There were a number of things that I missed during my stay. One was a map of the city. Even on the Underground there were no maps showing where the different stations were. For travel by bus, trolley bus and tram, it seemed to be assumed that you knew which number to choose and what route each followed. Another thing that did not exist was a railway time-table. If you wanted to take a train to Leningrad you had to ring up the railway station and find out when trains were due to leave. But there were no telephone directories. So you had first to ring up and find the number of the railway station; and since a great many other people were in the same position, telephoning took a long time.

I came up against the inconvenience of these arrangements when I asked whether a party of economists could spend a day at Kalinin, a town on the Volga 100 miles north-west of Moscow. This involved the manageress of our hotel, a woman of considerable energy and common sense, in prolonged but apparently unsuccessful research. To this day, I know neither the time of departure of trains for Kalinin nor the time that they take to get there. I was told authoritatively that the journey would take three to four hours; that it would take six hours; that we could get there by car in an hour and a half. In the end we motored out in two and a half hours.

In Moscow itself, a large staff was occupied throughout the day in breaking up the ice on the pavements and shovelling it away. We saw no litter, and the Underground was spotless. There were no beggars to be seen in the streets, although I gathered that this was rather abnormal, and we later came on one in Kalinin who had lost both legs, presumably in the war. There were also very few drunkards about. One member of our party asked to be taken to a public house. When this request was greeted with consternation by his interpreter, he hastened to explain that he was a magistrate and that in that capacity he had occasion to visit public houses in Britain. This added to the

interpreter's confusion; and in due course it was explained that a public house did not have quite the same meaning in Russian as it had in English and that such places no longer existed in Moscow.

The people looked warmly clothed and there was every sign that they were adequately fed. The clothes were drab and lacking in style and cut, so that, in spite of the frequency with which one saw fur coats, and the abundance of fur caps, the general effect was dowdy and depressing. This was to some extent a matter of the season of the year: the thaw had set in but winter overcoats were still necessary. No visitor to the ballet could come away with the impression that the Russians lacked a sense of style: nowhere in Europe is there a more spectacular use of costume. On the other hand, nowhere is there a bigger gulf between the clothes worn on the stage and in the auditorium. There were indications that many Russians did not feel satisfied with the clothes they were wearing and wanted something more fashionable. I was told in Prague that the first thing that Russian women bought when they visited that town was clothing, particularly shoes. Chinese and French silks were snapped up quickly whenever they came on sale. There seemed to be more queues for textiles than for any other goods. Moscow has its mannequin parades like the bourgeois cities of the west; and the more fashionable women paint their nails. If I can trust the estimates of a statistically-minded colleague, who took what he called a lipstick-count every now and again, about one woman in ten uses lipstick. Nylons, although expensive, can be bought without difficulty. Black nylons, on the other hand—that is, nylons with black heels—are valued above rubies and are correspondingly scarce. The saying in Moscow was that there had been three epidemics this spring: the 'flu; Tarzan films; and black nylons.

A large amount of advertising goes on. The Moscow sky is full of neon lights recommending one to go by air, to eat tinned crab, and so on. Consumer resistance, it is said, is at least as great as in other countries and it is difficult for the Government to get people to change their buying habits. For example, they are anxious for people to drink less vodka and, in order to do this, have brought down the price of wine. All along the highway to Kalinin, interspersed with advertisements for cocoa and communism and soap and peace, were enormous hoardings pleading with motorists to drink more champagne. In Moscow itself a similar sign faces one that appeals to the citizens to save more. The champagne crusade and the savings crusade make up a rather mixed drink; but it is perhaps less intoxicating than it sounds, since both are calculated to wean the Muscovite from a still more powerful (and no doubt more popular) concoction, vodka.

Public Transport—Cheap but Crowded

Public transport was cheap but crowded. The trains on the Underground were packed whenever I travelled on them. So were the buses. The trams, which run on the outskirts only, seemed to be even fuller. As for the long-distance trains, I did not board any of them, but I was told on all hands that I should have a very imperfect acquaintance with Russia if I left without making a train journey. Anyone who can get the necessary priority or 'armour', as the Russians call it, before setting out; without 'armour' you may wait for days at a country station in hope of boarding the next express. There are plenty of taxis, which are dear in relation to other forms of transport, but not in comparison with taxis in this country. Private cars can be bought after a comparatively short wait for delivery, currently about three months. The cheapest, a copy of the Opel, costs 8,000-9,000 roubles—about six months' earnings for a semi-skilled factory worker and about one month's earnings for the factory manager. There were many private cars in Moscow, all of them apparently post-war models, but outside Moscow we saw very few. On the highroad to Kalinin—the equivalent, say, of our own Great North Road—we saw only two passenger cars on the outward journey and relatively few lorries. The traffic was far less than is normal on a British country road.

The shops are generally crowded and old-fashioned in lay-out. We saw a number of queues, usually in the morning, before the shops

opened at eleven o'clock. Normally, however, the main delay in shopping is inside, not outside, the shop. In some of the larger shops the number of genuine shoppers is often doubled by people who have come merely to see whether there is anything new to buy. In these shops the crowds are like those in a London department store about Christmas-time. The smaller shops, and particularly the food shops, are less crowded, and shopping there is less fatiguing and time-consuming. On the whole, the efforts of the Government have plainly been directed at getting goods into the shops rather than at making shopping easier, partly no doubt because they count extra goods as extra production but do not count extra shopping facilities.

Soviet culture—and the Russians are much addicted to culture—is far from being exclusively nationalist. But there is a curious narrowness about some aspects of it. I was surprised, for example, to find no paintings or reproductions of paintings by western artists. The only exception that I saw in the course of my visit was a solitary 'Head of Saint Anne' by Leonardo da Vinci in a book lying open in a children's club. There is in Moscow a Museum of Western Art with some particularly fine paintings by Cézanne and Picasso, but we were told that the Museum was closed. There are plenty of paintings by Soviet artists on view and many that we saw by amateurs showed imagination and spirit. The professional painters, however, seemed a pretty second-rate lot, sticking closely to a narrative, realist style that is rarely distinguished and often dull. The books on sale were also exclusively of Soviet origin. The only books that had been printed abroad that I saw were second-hand and appeared to date from before the revolution. Even the copies of British writers that were shown to us were all in Russian editions, whether the text was Russian or English. None of them was by a living author. There were no British newspapers on sale, so far as I could see. On the other hand, it was obviously easy to get access to technical literature in English. In the vast Lenin Library, where there are 14,000,000 books, we saw rows of American and English technical journals on open shelves. There is also not the least doubt that, whatever the average citizen is able to buy and read, Soviet economists can see *The Times* and *The Economist* regularly and base their knowledge of what is happening in Britain largely on these publications.

The Russians struck me as highly matter-of-fact and serious-minded, very reticent in matters of sex, proud of their country as the advance-guard of a new civilisation: in a word, Victorian. I saw many resemblances—not all of them merely superficial—to the United States. There was the same sense of a vast territory with apparently inexhaustible resources still in process of development; the same mixture of races; a common worship of material progress and of the statistics by which such progress is measured; a passion for new industrial techniques, for doing things in a big way, for self-improvement. The puritanical strain had a much firmer grip, the exaltation of manual labour ran higher, the isolationism was more strongly fortified by suspicion of the outside world's malevolence. But if the comparison was with the United States in the early 'twenties rather than the early 'fifties, it did not seem so far-fetched; if one's mind went back further, to the days when the Mississippi Valley was being opened up, there were parallels with current developments in Russia beyond the Urals;

if one thought of the more recent past, of the great social experiment of the Tennessee Valley Authority, there were parallels in the tremendous work of irrigation and hydro-electric construction on which Russia is engaged. It would be foolish to press the parallels too far, for the differences, alike in circumstances, outlook and doctrine, are at least as great. But we are apt to overlook the similarities, while the Russians go to great pains to deny them altogether.

This is even more true of the working of their economy. My impression was that the Russian economic system functioned very much as our own did in war time, though it was dominated by a different purpose. Any suggestion, however, that communist planning was closely akin to capitalist planning, and that neither had very much to do either with the communism of Karl Marx or with the capitalism of a century ago, was greeted with vehement dissent. The average Soviet citizen still retains as his guide to an understanding of the capitalist world a picture that is over a hundred years old, simple, melodramatic, and antique. He still thinks that wars occur because of the concentration of power in the hands of capitalists who stand to make a profit out of them or are driven into preparations for war because they can find no alternative employment for their workers. Marx and Lenin may exercise remarkably little influence on the determination of domestic economic policy in Russia; but they continue to dominate from their graves the reflexes of Soviet diplomats. The five-year plans may owe little to the Old Testament of communism; but Soviet foreign policy owes a great deal.

The average Soviet citizen was profoundly anxious about the danger of another world war. Whether we talked to children or adults, questions about peace were sure to be raised. It was possible to detect in what they said about war and peace, recollections of the terrible devastation of 1941-5, of relatives dead and maimed—one woman had lost her father, her brother, and all her cousins—of the enemy (a western enemy) at the very gates of Moscow, of plans for social improvement that had had to be abandoned and were now again in jeopardy. But there were overtones of another kind. I was asked what I did for peace, did I fight for peace, and so on. At first I was puzzled by these questions and by the posters recommending peace as if it were something unconnected with Soviet foreign policy, perhaps a new kind of vitamin. In course of time I came to the conclusion that 'peace' did duty in Soviet Russia for 'higher productivity' in the United Kingdom. 'Fighting for peace' meant working harder so that Russia should not go undefended but should be prosperous and powerful. It seemed to be part and parcel of the same order of ideas which calls the other man's wars 'imperialist' and your own 'patriotic'.

What I have told you of what I saw and heard does not add up to a picture of life in Moscow. I have chosen a number of things, some very trivial, that happened to strike me as curious or abnormal. But the overwhelming impression that Moscow makes on a western visitor is not the abnormality, but the normality of things. I was fascinated by the opportunity to see for myself a city that would otherwise have been forbidden me; but as the taboo came to seem more and more senseless, because there was little to see that might not have been freely shown to the most hostile eyes, the fascination wore off. Moscow came into its own as a great city, to be enjoyed, not investigated.—*Third Programme*

Eight Weeks in South Africa

A Man of Business

The last of five talks by JULIAN DUGUID

HE was a calm little man with shrewd eyes and a habit of looking to the heart of things. He was of Afrikaner stock. Yet his journeys outside the Union had freed him from most of the passions which are tearing South Africa apart. I asked him to explain the tensions that were turning a beautiful country with a warm and friendly people into something approaching a battleground. As he talked, he raised pictures in my mind of scenes I had witnessed, men and women I had met. And his rounded opinions made sense to me. Let us call him Marais Hofmeyr.

He began with the key to the matter: the up-country Afrikaner farmer whose vote gives power to Dr. Malan. These Nationalists, he said, are frightened of progress. They have every reason to be, with 8,500,000 Africans to 2,500,000 whites. They are suspicious of international bodies which treat the darker races as if they were European.

The golden age of Afrikaners was that of the trek and the ox-waggon, when a man could pierce the horizons and cut out a farm for himself. He is not, said Hofmeyr, and never will be, English. He still resents the war he lost half a century ago: he never approved of General Smuts. He wants to rule South Africa without hindrance from arrogant foreigners. The Dutch first colonised the Cape. The English took it away from them. Now is the chance to get it back. The energy and money expended on the recent Van Riebeeck Festival show with what passion he is gazing at an epoch when he was the master.

While Marais Hofmeyr was speaking, I remembered an incident at Fransch Hoek. I was visiting a Cape Province wine-grower in the shade of the Drakenstein Valley. At my request, he pulled no punches. He said 'You English out here despise us. You believe that you won our War of Independence and that gives you a right to be superior. You

refuse to learn our language, so you can't read our newspapers. You don't care what we think. I say we must have a Republic so that we can stop being Dutch and English and all of us be South Africans. Then, perhaps, you will take root in the country'. He was not at all nasty about it. As a person, he was genuinely friendly: as was everyone I met in South Africa. But he was obstinately firm, indeed adamant. He resented the English habit of talking of England as 'home', even when a family had not left South Africa for three or four generations. It made no impression whatever when I told him Australians did the same.

Split Between the Ruling Whites

This split between the ruling whites is not, of course, Dutch against English. It is much more country against town: with many of the urban Afrikaners joining with English and Jew in Smuts' old United Party. Marais Hofmeyr, a townsman with a business, took care to point this out. He showed me the cutting edge of Nationalist power in the land. For, on the biggest question of all, the doctrine of white supremacy, there is very little difference between Nationalist and United Party. There has always been *apartheid* of a sort. Long before Dr. Malan, in 1937, Port Elizabeth built New Brighton which is peopled by 40,000 Africans. It caused no resentment because it was not meant to be insulting. Even today, Port Elizabeth has the finest crime-record in the Union. It has no pass-laws and no curfews, and Africans can walk through the city at any time of the night.

What Dr. Malan did was to take a social custom and turn it into a law. He said by act of parliament that 1,000 years from now an African must be separate from a white. Small incidents cut to the bone. One old African I met, a graduate of Columbia University in New York, used to travel by second-class sleeper. Before Dr. Malan, the card outside his carriage would read: 'Dr. So and So, and Mrs. So and So'. Now, in these stricter times, the card says: 'Native male and wife'. A white woman told me this story in tones of profound indignation. She said, 'Africans are sensitive to affection, or its reverse. They won't come and work in your house unless you like them. Do you wonder, with pin-pricks like this, that feeling is rising against us?'

Marais Hofmeyr next passed to the Africans. He regarded the split between the whites as a major short-term calamity. He was sure that the African problem would take longer to come to the boil. He believed that a rigid *apartheid* would sooner or later bring trouble, but he could see no immediate danger. Many Africans were still semi-barbarous. They were divided amongst themselves. They had lost the security of their tribal customs and were searching quite unconsciously for something that would take their place. They might easily find it in communism, but the explosion-point was not yet. The gangs on the outskirts of Johannesburg were a make-shift substitute for the tribes. Meanwhile, leaders of the African National Congress had scarcely begun to organise them for effective opposition to the whites. Hofmeyr guessed it would be fifteen years before the police were unable to handle them. Till then, they lived out their lives in the suburbs, in the mines and in the reserves.

A Fine Job in the Reserves

There was certainly no sign of rebellion in the reserves I visited. Here, the Government is doing a fine job, with first-class white administrators. They are keen and imaginative men, with that touch of rough-cast humour which always appeals to the primitive. I heard one talking to a Shangaan in the hills of the northern Transvaal. I could not understand what they said, but the administrator sounded stern and the African looked quite murderous. Suddenly, they both burst out laughing. The African shouted to his friends, and then they all rolled about. They repeated the joke to each other, their voices rising and falling until their eyes were wet with mirth. What had happened was simply this: the administrator had called the Shangaan a fool, a stupid man, even worse than a baboon. The African resented the insult, but when it was explained to him that baboons had the sense to keep their mouths shut and thus escape the poll-tax, there was an instant appreciation that this was no more than the truth. The noise of African laughter followed us all the way to the car.

It is the task of these devoted administrators to improve the African standards. They are faced by the African's indolence, by the power of the tribal customs, by the always increasing soil-erosion. An African is perfectly happy when he is sitting with his back to his hut while his wives attend to his mealie plot. He has a passion for his scrubby cattle, which die by the hundreds in the droughts; and he resists the attempts to weed them out, and thus improve his stock. He does not want the

numbers reduced. Two rickety old cows are more valuable to him than one pedigree animal. *Lobola*, which is the price a man pays for his bride in cattle, takes no count of the condition of the beasts. He regards the Government as thieves, as we might regard a Treasury official who compelled us to exchange two filthy one-pound notes for one that was nice and clean. At a place called Witzieshoek in the Orange Free State this policy of culling the cattle led, a few months ago, to a small-scale war. Meanwhile, the administrators try to educate their people to the virtues of strengthening the herds. They also spend money on earthwork dams, which persuade the violent rains to rush less aggressively to the sea. South Africa has sufficient rainfall, but it runs away too fast to nourish very much of the ground.

Having outlined the present situation, Marais Hofmeyr turned to the future. In the fight between white and white as to who should rule South Africa, he believed that the Nationalists would win. Natal, perhaps, might secede; but the Boers would hold the rest. They had the strength of religious conviction. They were sure they had a mission from God to achieve an Afrikaner mastery. Unless the Torch Commando started civil war—and he thought they would swerve away from that—Dr. Malan would tighten his hold upon an angry but helpless opposition. That would leave an open field during the next half-generation for the struggle between white and black.

In the Middle of an Industrial Revolution

It was here that his business training came out into the open and spoke. His shrewd little eyes were calculating as he tried to sum up *apartheid*. The policy of keeping the African to the ranks of unskilled labour did not seem to him likely to work. He said: 'You know, there is a sense in which the colour question is irrelevant. Of course, colour makes it more dramatic. It is more frightening to expect to be murdered by an African than it is by a pure white bandit. There is also the fear of mixed blood. But it goes much deeper than that. We are now in South Africa at the same point in history that you were in 1800. Factories are springing up fast. Africans are swarming to the towns much more quickly than we can house them. The result is the squalor of slums. Yet, would the result have been different if these Africans had been backward white men? I don't think so. We are in the middle of an Industrial Revolution; and soon we shall need more skilled workers. We do, in fact, already: there are not enough whites to go round. So, really, we have the choice of stopping our manufactures or of training primitive Africans. There is no doubt which we shall do'.

Marais Hofmeyr went on to sketch the probable course of events. Could 2,500,000 whites hold down 8,500,000 Africans for ever? Was there anything peculiar to South Africa which made it immune to history? In England, he remarked, it had taken the masses many years to come to power. They had done so without much bloodshed because the English were politically sensible. They had never made it illegal for the poor to climb to the top. The French and the Russians had been more obstinate. Yet, the noise and the dust of those explosions had passed South Africa by. The leavening movements of Europe had not been heard in the Transvaal. Marais Hofmeyr smiled a little dryly. 'I don't think of Nationalists as evil men', he said, 'but rather as medieval'.

I met some of the leaders of the Africans in a small dark room in Johannesburg. Having presented their point of view, they said they would like to know what I, a stranger, thought about it. I quoted Marais Hofmeyr and enquired why they did not wait until economic pressures ran their way. Was it not true that skilled black labour would soon have to be employed? Was, in fact, being employed now? They admitted all this and more, and then one of them answered most illuminatingly: 'If we told our followers to go slow we should be out of a job in six months. There is nothing so out of date as an African who believes in compromise. We must push on now to the limit'. When I asked if they were not playing into Dr. Malan's hands: that a subversive movement now would give him a chance to crush it and pose as the saviour of the whites, they shrugged their shoulders, and I left. Let the last word be Hofmeyr's. He said: 'Don't run away with the idea that South Africa is finished. We are pretty tough out here, and things don't go by logic. You follow a line of thought which seems to be going straight ahead, and suddenly you find it is a right-angle. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if, at the very darkest moment when an explosion looked absolutely certain, something unexpected turned up. I love my country and believe in it'.

For myself I can only hope, for the sake of all those people whom I met and liked, that he is not too optimistic.—*Home Service*

'Don Roberto'

COMPTON MACKENZIE on the centenary of R. B. Cunningham Graham

I HAD my first sight of Robert Bontine Cunningham Graham at Oxford in a wet May half a century ago. It was at a party in the garden of the Provost at Worcester College. I was talking at the time to Miss Edith Craig, the daughter of Ellen Terry, and to the lady who under the pseudonym of Laurence Hope wrote the 'Kashmiri Love Songs'. 'Less than the dust beneath thy chariot wheel' was one of them. Both Edith Craig and Laurence Hope were women of considerable personality, and the latter was a very handsome woman into the bargain, but when Cunningham Graham walked across that lawn they became for a twenty-year-old undergraduate quite insignificant. I should like to add that when presently I was introduced to Cunningham Graham, I was able to arouse his interest so much that on my asking him to contribute to the university review I was editing he was so touched by youth's tribute as to assent with enthusiasm. In fact, his manner of polite *hauteur* kept everybody so successfully at a distance (myself included) that I could not even tell him how much I admired and how much I had enjoyed the tale of his travels in Southern Morocco called *Mogreb el Acksa*. It had been published only five years earlier and it was already a scarce book; I counted myself lucky to have found a copy at one of the Oxford booksellers, for which I see from the pencilled price still visible above the bookplate I paid forty-five shillings even then. Harold Nicolson and I were discussing the business of growing old the other day in a broadcast, and we agreed that shyness was youth's unkindest enemy.

If I had only been able to tell Cunningham Graham, upon that showery afternoon of May half a century ago, that I had myself already travelled to Morocco eighteen months earlier and that the joy of his book for me was its magical power to reconjure what was then still a land as remote and romantic as any travelled by Marco Polo, I feel sure from my knowledge of him in later years that he would have responded to a young man's enthusiasm. As it was, almost a quarter of a century would elapse before we met again. Yes, I wish I had chosen a sentence almost at random from *Mogreb el Acksa* to let him see I knew what writing was.

As the sun sank, the ochre-coloured earth began to glow, each stunted hill bush stood out and became magnified, the rose and purple streaks of light shifted and ran into each other, then faded into violet and pale salmon-colour haze and falling on snow-capped hills lighted them up, making these reverberate the light upon the rose-red walls and yellow towers, so that the castle seemed to burn, and the muezzin upon his tower appeared to call the faithful to their prayers from a red stalk of flame.

Setting the Heather Alight

As it fell out, Cunningham Graham and I were one day to become intimate over Scotland, not Morocco. Our views about Scotland coincided exactly. Neither of us supposed for a moment that the heather was set alight with ease, but the result of the Glasgow University Rectorial in October, 1928, was such a shock to cautious opinion that we nearly did begin to dream dreams. In the spring of that year, a remarkable young student called John MacCormick, who at this moment twenty-four years later is himself Rector of Glasgow University, had succeeded in amalgamating the various associations in Scotland, which each in its own way was proclaiming the gospel of Home Rule, in a single body called the National Party of Scotland. In due course the Glasgow University Nationalist Association invited Cunningham Graham to stand for the Rectorship as a Scottish Nationalist against the candidates of the three stereotyped political parties. The Conservatives put up the Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, then in his zenith, and the Liberals Sir Herbert Samuel. I forget who the Labour candidate was.

After making one of the last speeches in support of the Scottish Nationalist candidate at the Glasgow University Union a day or two before the election, I joined Cunningham Graham himself in Edinburgh, where he was staying at the Caledonian Hotel. I might say here to people unfamiliar with Rectorial Elections that the candidates

themselves never make a personal appearance on any platform. I told Cunningham Graham that there was optimism in Glasgow about our putting up a good show; we should almost certainly beat the Labour man and some optimists even hoped Cunningham Graham would poll almost as many votes as Sir Herbert Samuel. Anyway, he was safe to beat the Labour man—I seem to recall now that he was Arthur Henderson. 'Poor Labour', he sighed in courtly sympathy, for he with William Morris, John Burns, Keir Hardie and others had been a leader of the Labour movement once upon a time. Then we settled down to wait for the result. The telegram from Glasgow arrived just as people were coming into the lounge at the Caledonian for afternoon tea. My heart beat.

Tilting at Windmills

Cunningham Graham held the envelope in his hand for a moment, and then opened it almost with the gesture of a Georgian Macaroni tossing back his ruffles and flirting with a lace handkerchief. He read the telegram and handed it to me. 'Only sixty-six votes behind Baldwin', he murmured, 'well, in the circumstances I think that is as good as a victory, better indeed because I shall escape the bore of having to prepare and deliver a Rectorial Address'. I was so excited by the news that I sent my bonnet whirling up to the roof of the Caledonian's lounge, and it barely missed obliterating an old Edinburgh lady's tea when it came down. Don Roberto preserved as much of his graceful nonchalance as he could, but there was on each cheekbone a flush of happy achievement; in all his long adventurous life he could not have enjoyed many moments so sweet as this.

A couple of nights later he and I appeared on the platform of St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, with the Duke of Montrose, Christopher Grieve or 'Hugh MacDiarmid' whose great poetry had played a vital part in the inspiration of the national resurgence, and finally young John MacCormick. When the huge gathering broke up, Cunningham Graham and I went off to have supper together at the St. Enoch's Hotel. There was nobody in the dining-room except ourselves, and the waiter was not over enthusiastic about clearing a table already laid for breakfast and providing us with cold chicken and ham.

Under the emotion of the evening, which, however well he might conceal his own susceptibility to it, had deeply stirred him, the old man, for he was now in his seventy-seventh year, began to see at the tables round us the ghosts of his fellow adventurers in politics in the past. 'I remember sitting at that table one evening with John Burns just before the Trafalgar Square meeting in November, 'eighty-seven'. That meeting, owing to the foolish instructions to his constables of Sir Charles Warren, the Chief Commissioner of Police, had led to a riot. The tory government then in power, frightened of Mr. Gladstone, frightened of Parnell, and very frightened indeed of the unemployed, had tried to stop public meetings, and on Sunday, November 13, 1887, the police knocked about not only the demonstrators but many peaceful onlookers. Cunningham Graham, leading a party into the arena, had been badly cut about the head by a truncheon, and although a member of parliament he was arrested, and had to serve about two months in Pentonville gaol with John Burns.

'And I used to sit at that table with Keir Hardie in the old days, when he and I were pleased if we could get an audience of two nurse-girls and a boy under a lamp-post. And that table over there in the corner . . . Parnell and I sat there in . . . I've forgotten the date'. Don Roberto mentioned several other names of bygone agitators, patriots and reformers, and I divined that he was asking himself if the great meeting at the St. Andrew's Hall that evening was a sign that his country was awake. He shrugged his shoulders and murmured something in Spanish.

We had a bad set back in the following January at a by-election in Midlothian when the Nationalist candidate forfeited his deposit. However, Don Roberto continued to put his eloquence at the service of his country, and if many people thought he was tilting at windmills that did not detract from the vigour of the tilting.

By this date he always used to learn his speeches beforehand and

deliver them with gestures that were as good to look at as a portrait by Velasquez. Moreover, his voice was still as resonant as a much younger man's. It was usually my place to follow him on to the platform, and always his last action before appearing was to sweep his hair up from his forehead. Few people realise how dependent orators are upon their hair.

One evening at the Usher Hall, Edinburgh, when I had spoken with a good deal of passion, trusting for eloquence to the response of the audience, he said to me as we went off the platform together, 'Yes, you'll be able to do that till you're sixty. You won't be able to do it after that'. And for the last nine years I have, never stepped on a platform without that warning from Edinburgh still in my ears, and without an apprehension that suddenly in the middle of my speech I shall find myself unable to say another word, and that, retiring in mortification from the public view, I shall be confronted by the stern form of Don Roberto and hear him say, 'I told you so'.

I never can understand why Don Roberto was regarded as such an extremist. I suppose it was his logical Latin mind, for claimant though he was to the two ancient Scottish earldoms of Glencairn and Menteith, and with the blood of how many romantic figures of the Scottish past in his veins, he always seemed more Spaniard than Scot. He had in fact a Spanish maternal grandmother with whom he spent much of his boyhood at Ryde. He looked at the future of Scotland with that logical Latin mind, and faced up to the fact that unless Europe could preserve the independence of her small nations Europe was doomed. All that has happened in the years since he died in 1936 justifies his most pessimistic expectations. He was willing to contemplate a separation between Scotland and England at least as complete as that between Ireland and England, but he did not desire so complete a separation and always hoped that Home Rule would not be denied too long as it was to Ireland.

I remember a Royal lady's saying to me once that she was much interested in the revival of Scottish Nationalism but that she thought Mr. Cunninghame Graham and myself went too far. I replied that if he was always reported in full Cunninghame Graham would not seem nearly so revolutionary, 'And anyway, Ma'am', I added, 'he's much the most civilised revolutionist I know'.

It gave him a deal of generous pleasure when, three years after the fright he gave Mr. Baldwin, I was elected Rector of Glasgow University, and when a year later I was prosecuted under the Official Secrets Act Don Roberto was inclined to regard it as a dark manoeuvre to embarrass the cause of Scottish Nationalism. 'I wish I could think it was, Don Roberto. But I'm afraid it's nothing except hurt vanity, and the fear of being laughed out of their job if these war memories of mine are allowed to continue'. He shrugged his shoulders with the contempt of a *hidalgo*. 'Yes, yes, you're probably right, Don Monti', which is what he always called me.

When the case was over he knew I was bound to be pretty hard up, and he offered me his house on the Isle of Bute for as long as I needed it for financial recuperation. However, I did not take advantage of his hospitality but retired to the Outer Hebrides to write a skit on counter-espionage, which he much enjoyed.

I was rather distressed to learn in 1934 that he had allowed himself to be nominated as the Nationalist Candidate for the Rectorship for

the second time, because he was by then in his eighty-third year, and there was a long tradition that a Rectorial candidate never succeeded at the second time of standing. To my grief he was beaten. He took his defeat as one would expect with elegant philosophy. 'Yes, the Rectorial election was a muddle', he wrote, 'but—after all I suppose it has saved me a lot of worry. I remember that you had a great deal to do when you got in'. As an afterthought he added to his letter, 'I was in Spain all through the revolution, but fifty miles away from Oviedo which is now like Pompeii'.

In those last years Don Roberto found immense pleasure in his friendship with A. F. Tschiffely of the famous ride, and I am sure he much regretted that age prevented his riding through America on a similar adventure. He was greatly pleased when a new city in the Argentine was called after him, Don Roberto, and it was in Buenos Aires that on March 20, 1936, he died not long after attending the appropriate ceremonies. His body was brought back across the two Atlantics to lie beside his wife in the grave that thirty years before he had dug for her on Inchmahome, the isle in the Lake of Menteith, the isle where today some of the friends who had the privilege of speaking with him for the object nearest to his heart are speaking of him a hundred years after he was born.

I am glad that he was spared the beastliness of the second world war in extreme old age. So ardent a spirit would have suffered intolerably during that protracted nightmare of the human soul. In the first world war he was able to revisit Paraguay where he was buying remounts for the British Government, but even if he had been young and active enough to take on

such a job again it would not have been there for him. And he would not have enjoyed remounting tanks.

I remember when he and I were riding together one June in an ancient limousine at the tail of the procession through Stirling on a Bannockburn Day demonstration, he turned to me and said, 'You know, we both ought to have ridden to the field instead of crawling along in this abominable motor-car. I suppose it would be damned hot walking up this hill'. 'It would indeed', I said fervently. 'And don't forget we have to do a lot of spouting'. 'Yes, I suppose we'd better stay where we are, but, *caro amico*, we do look uncommonly like the end of a circus procession'.

I have said nothing about Cunninghame Graham as a writer of English prose, because the way to appreciate that is to read his Morocco classic *Mograb el Acksa* and his short stories, at least one of which is among the very best in the English language. His knowledge of Spanish gave his prose, as it gave Hudson's, that Latin lucidity. I commend to young writers now under the influence of contemporary deliquescent North American prose an intensive study of W. H. Hudson and Cunninghame Graham.

We may call Don Roberto a happier knight errant than Don Quixote, for although he did not live to see his dreams for Scotland near to fulfilment he was spared much disillusionment. He wrote to me once about Prince Charles Edward: '*Povero Carluccio!* He should have died after he got back to Paris—perhaps murdered by a Hanoverian agent, or run away with by his horse and drowned in the Loire. Best of all killed by lightning, or he might have been killed fighting against the Turks'. Yes, Don Roberto rides now his white steed with the Mexican saddle in Elysium's Rotten Row, a happy warrior.—*Third Programme*



A photograph taken at St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, immediately after the Rectorial election of October, 1928. Left to right: the Duke of Montrose, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham, Mr. C. M. Grieve, Dr. James Valentine, and Mr. John MacCormick

Reconsidering Malthus—I

The Paradox of Progress

H. L. BEALES gives the first of three talks

IN 1798, a London publisher issued the first edition of what has become one of the most famous books of modern times. Its full title was *An Essay on the Principle of Population as it Affects the Future Improvement of Society, with Remarks on the Speculations of Mr. Godwin, M. Condorcet and Other Writers*. Not many copies of this edition of Malthus' *Essay* got into circulation. Its subject was not generally congenial, and it bore no author's name on the title-page because over-sensitive people might have been shocked to find a scholar in Holy Orders writing on such a theme. People were still hostile to the taking of a census of population—the first census came three years later—and in general theological views deputised for thought and for measurement in this field of human inquiry.

Cobbett's Attack

The *Essay* became a subject of discussion all the same—of discussion and vituperation. It was easy to misrepresent Malthus. Cobbett did so habitually with his great power of invective trained on 'parson' Malthus for his infamous suggestion that English labourers should be ashamed of their broods of children. Cobbett's comedy 'Surplus Population', in *Twopenny Trash*, for June 1831, shows Sir Gripe Grindum, Peter Thimble Esquire, a great anti-population philosopher, and a bunch of villagers, at sixes and sevens over projected matings, with Sir Gripe Grindum finishing up in the horse-pond. Harriet Martineau was, figuratively speaking, put in the horse-pond as well, by Croker in the Tory *Quarterly Review* when she included in her tales of political economy, one which embodied the Malthusian theme. Croker, who thought—odd as it sounds now—that the Whigs would bring about a revolution and wreck the society which endowed him with a comfortable pension, took steps to prevent this and 'began' (as he said) by 'tomahawking Miss Martineau in the *Quarterly*'.

But that was in the exciting time of the first Reform Bill struggle, as was Cobbett's little play. Yet the antagonism would have come in any case, because when Malthus wrote his book, revolutionary or millennial visions were still a common indulgence and it was his set purpose to dissipate them by hurling against them an irrefutable argument. As he put it:

It is an obvious truth, which has been taken notice of by many writers, that population must always be kept down to the level of the means of subsistence; but no writer, that the AUTHOR recollects, has inquired particularly into the means by which that level is effected: and it is a view of these means, which form, to his mind, the strongest obstacle to any great future improvement of society. He professes to have read some of the speculations on the future improvement of society, in a temper very different from a desire to find them visionary. . . . The view which he has given of human life has a melancholy hue; but he feels conscious that he has drawn these dark tints from a conviction that they are really in the picture.

That statement was perfectly sincere. As Miss Martineau said:

A more simple-minded virtuous man, full of domestic affections, than Mr. Malthus could not be found in all England. . . . The desire of his heart and the aim of his work were that domestic virtue and happiness should be placed within the reach of all, as nature intended. He found, in his day, that a portion of the people were underfed; and that one consequence of this was a fearful mortality among infants; and another consequence, the growth of a recklessness among the destitute which caused infanticide, corruption of morals, and, at best, marriage between pauper boys and girls, while multitudes of respectable men and women, who paid rates instead of consuming them, were unmarried at forty, or never married at all. Prudence as to the time of marriage, and making due provision for it, was, one would think, a harmless enough recommendation under the circumstances.

Thus Miss Martineau . . . The dark tints were in the picture truly. But so was the optimism—the revolutionary optimism, the glowing picture of man made perfect in the society without fault. Malthus had been brought up at home by a father who was friend, and executor, of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. In his lifetime (he was born in 1766) he saw the two great revolutions which shaped the modern world: the

American, which broke the first British Empire and set the world on the road to democracy; and the French, which postulated the claims of liberty, equality and fraternity and landed Europe in a couple of decades of war. He was an adolescent when in the Gordon riots London was at the mercy of what eighteenth-century historians have called 'the mob', for five days of arson and riot. Doubts of the millennial future were not hard to understand, so he produced his *Essay on Population* to give them substance, to call people back from dream to reality. When he died in 1834, five editions of his work had been issued, it had been translated into German and French and he had received, along with the vituperation, a quiverful of high academic honours.

Malthus was the founder of the economists' theory of population. That theory has been discussed, off and on, ever since he formulated it. There are important differences between the first and subsequent editions of his work, but in essence his theory can be summarised, as Bagehot summarised it, in these terms:

First, That population would soon outstrip the means of feeding it, if it were not kept down by vice, misery, or self-restraint.

Second, That in a state of society where self-restraint does not act at all, or only acts so little that we need not think of it, population will augment till the poorest class of the community have only just enough to support life.

Third, That in a community where self-restraint acts effectually, each class of the community will augment till it reaches the point at which it begins to exercise that restraint.

Formulated in this way, it is clear that the economists' theory of population has been often misrepresented. It is equally clear that it was a less potent argument against 'the future improvement of society' than he and many of his contemporaries thought.

One of the most thoughtful critics of Malthus was Hazlitt. A brief statement of his repudiation of the Malthusian argument may be taken from his *The Spirit of the Age*. He answers Malthus in these terms:

Say that the Utopian reasoners are visionaries unfounded, that the state of virtue and knowledge they suppose, in which reason shall have become all-in-all, can never take place, that it is inconsistent with the nature of man and with all experience, well and good—but to say that Society will have attained this high and palmy state, that reason will have become the master-key to all our motives, and that when arrived at its greatest power, it will cease to act at all, but will fall down dead, inert and senseless before the principle of population, is an opinion which one would think few people would choose to advance or assent to, without strong inducements for maintaining or believing it.

Growth of Birth Control

Nevertheless, it is not enough to impale Malthus and his successors on a mere logical fallacy. Other arguments are available, derived from the history of the last century or so, since Malthus and Hazlitt and Cobbett died, which seem to render the Malthusian argument ineffective both as against the Utopians and as a statement of economic law or a description of the inevitable course of human destiny. Malthus wrote before the vast possibilities of steam, as a source of power, and mechanisation, as an amplifier of labour, had been more than dimly discerned. The world has discovered since this day the means of supporting increasing populations at improving standards of living. Further, though Malthus did not advocate it, birth control has become the normal habit of the advanced industrial communities, and there has developed the scientific equipment of the demographer to measure actual population changes. We now know what has happened with greater certainty than Malthus could command. That may be summarised in these terms. Since about 1770, we have been living through a new cycle of population history. When Malthus first wrote, the population of Great Britain was some 10,500,000 and it is now some 50,000,000; that of the United States in 1860 was over 31,000,000 and it is now 150,000,000. Such were the increases in these periods of full industrialisation, and these gains were made not with falling or stationary standards of living but with, in the later decades especially,

standards rising to heights unknown in the past and with birth-rates falling to lower proportions than ever before.

This new phase in the history of mankind was not expected, and was not thought of by Malthus, but it must be taken into account. It serves to recall both the immense influence of the mobility of capital and persons, the power of applied science to transform poverty into wealth, and this new capacity to postpone the operation of vice and misery and famine, as well as to substitute artificial for natural products as supplements to man's natural equipment. As one's thought lingers over the history of the United States, or the contemporary experience of Russia, or the last hundred years or so of the history of Britain and the Dominions, or of western Europe generally, or of northern Europe, or of Ireland whose population has more than halved in the last century, or of the newer adventurers into industrialism—Japan, and other hitherto 'underdeveloped' areas—the Malthusian theory of population seems to be in large measure untrue. Obviously man cannot eat food he has not got, but he has shown that he can get it as never before. The Malthusian conception of social policy—its attack, for example, on the relief of poverty, and his successors' attacks on the principle and practice of social insurance—seem to be irrelevant to these communities which industrialism has equipped with famine-conquering powers. Death-control and birth-control are combined in advanced societies; the high productivities of modern industrialism are based on different social arrangements, on different social structures and a better family system than Malthus knew. One of the outstanding economists of our day, Schumpeter, wrote: 'The only valuable things about Malthus' law of population, are its qualifications. The first decade of this century definitely showed that it was a bogey'. But no less an authority than Lord Keynes attempted to revitalise it. . . . And as late as 1925, Harold Wright, in his book on *Population*, spoke of 'wasting the gains of civilisation on a mere increase in numbers'. 'Will economists', he asks impatiently, 'never come of age?'

An Age of Violence and Fear

But why, it may be asked, did Keynes and others try to revitalise the Malthusian theory after the first world war? Perhaps because war seemed to be the fulfilment of the Malthusian forecast: perhaps because it seemed so vitally important to continue to warn man of his impending fate in a world in which Asia's teeming millions could underlive the wealthier, and now less fertile, populations of western Europe and America; perhaps because economists have commonly tended to underestimate the cumulative power of technology to effect social transformations; perhaps because they thought a curb was needed for the disturbing aspirations of labour, especially in the new light (if light it were) of the Bolshevik revolution. The historian is entitled to add, whatever the economists' reasons for taking the Malthusian skeleton out of the cupboard, that the twentieth century has been an age of wars and revolutions, an age of violence and fear, and Malthusian pessimism has been natural enough in such a context. Fear, all the same, does not induce clear thinking.

Now the Malthusian spectre is back again with greater strength than ever. There has been recently a rapid succession of highly disturbing studies of the world population problem posed in global terms. For example, it has been estimated that at the present time the population of the world is increasing at the rate of forty people a minute. One reckoning says: 'within the lifetime of some of our children the world's population may be expected to reach 4,000,000,000. It stands at present at about 2,300,000,000. . . . How shall we work the miracle of feeding the 4,000,000,000?' When natural scientists turn to miracles, the rest of us had better be on our guard. Many people are deeply disturbed at the nightmare Malthusian prospect thus conjured up. Perhaps they are right to be—perhaps not.

One thing may be said in support of a cautious examination of these frightening estimates of the world's future. It is that such prophecies have been made in the past and have turned out false. There was, for instance, the famous presidential address of Sir William Crookes to the British Association in 1898. He prophesied that famine conditions would return to the world fifty years later: by this time the exhaustion of fertilisers, on which he based his forecast, had been remedied by the recovery of nitrates from the air and we were experiencing the embarrassment of the destruction of surplus food, surplus because our economic arrangements were unable to organise its consumption. It is hard, indeed, to see ahead, but technology will offer at least as a firm basis for forecasting the future as a theory which has

been at least temporarily falsified by the actual run of experience. Present extrapolations seem to me to be too narrowly founded if the past achievements of applied science and social policy are ignored.

Such must be my answer to those who say that the period of the history of civilisation through which we have been living is an exceptional one. They may be right. Who knows? But if they prove to be so, it will not be because they are more scientific in their analysis of the operative forces of change, or because of the Malthusianism in their theorising. The historical record poses questions to which there is as yet no firm answer. How can they know that the increases of the less developed peoples will not slow down? How can they be sure that the strength of the more advanced peoples will be swamped by the new barbarian hordes? How can they know that the trends of population growth in the west will not be reversed, as they seem to be at present? I suggest that there is as much of a case for optimism as for pessimism—and perhaps not a good one for either, till we know the answers to these important questions. It is possible that there is no one law of population for all societies, but that different kinds of societies have different laws—each its own appropriate law—that what is true for India and China is not necessarily true for us.

It is possible that the projections of future population growths have ignored formative social factors—the power of education, the equalisation of the social strata of advanced industrial societies, the changing character of urban life, among others. It is certain, I think, that we tend to underestimate the power of the means actually in our hands to continue on the roads on which we have been moving. The danger of industrialism is not that it will lead to collapse because of the competition of the less industrialised peoples, or because of the exhaustion of raw materials or the difficulties of feeding growing multitudes, but rather because it has been regardless of continuing poverties in many parts of the world and of the cultural underdevelopment of its own peoples. Many years ago Dean Inge remarked: 'Ancient civilisations imported their barbarians: we breed our own'. There was something behind this sharp comment, for which another kind of Malthusian theory could be devised, and it poses a deeper problem than the revived fears of the future material well-being of mankind so lively at the present time. It is the problem of population quality, and the dwarfing of man's stature by removable weaknesses in his daily life.

—Third Programme

The Glass Curtain

Love from the desolate shore
Calls the passing hour
The dream like a swan
With ever-widening wake
That passes and is gone
On the dark stream forever.
But the glass where I gaze
Holds me in its power
Spell-bound, transfixed
To the quick of silver.

Love from the desolate shore
Calls the passing hour
The tidings of the lily
With its sway of souls, death
Made imminent by night
As a voice across water.
But the quicksand of the glass
Holds me in its power
A fine white sand
Measuring eternity.

Love from the desolate shore
Calls the passing hour
The fire on water burning
Of his own desire
The fallen star
Leading from loss to loss.
But the glass curtain falls
Drowning all in its roar
And sleep comes at last
Soundlessly sweet, where no love calls.

A. H. PAUL

Ancient Greek Festivals

By W. K. C. GUTHRIE

TO know something of the ordinary Greek in classical times, and particularly of the way in which he took his pleasures, we can find—and indeed we could want—no better source of information than the comedies of Aristophanes. Writing through the grim years of the Peloponnesian War, he was a passionate lover of peace, whose cause he never ceased to plead throughout his plays. Why should the Greek states be tearing each other to bits, neglecting the fields and starving the citizens, when by agreeing together they could all enjoy the simple pleasures which are the salt of life and which peace would immediately bring in her train? ‘Remember, men’, says one of his heroes, ‘the joys of pre-war life—all gifts of the goddess Peace—the cakes, the figs, the myrtles, the mellow vintage, the violet-bank by the well, our olive-trees that we miss so much’. The vineyards, the young fig-trees, all growing things will laugh to see peace brought back. His theme is that of the Duke of Burgundy bemoaning ‘naked, poor and mangled Peace’:

The vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies . . .
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.

And high in the list of those traditional joys, of which, by their wilful persistence in fighting, the Greeks are depriving themselves, stand the festivals. The festivals of Greece were innumerable. Every season, every little locality had its own, for the sowing, the harvesting, the new wine, the city gods and goddesses—always a festival. But to enjoy them peace was necessary, and so important were the festivals in the mind of the man in the street, or the farmer in the fields, that the two ideas are linked together by Aristophanes to form one of the most powerful arguments in favour of stopping the war.

Two Fantasies

Two of his fantasies will illustrate this. In the one which he called simply ‘Peace’, the hero is an honest Attic farmer disgusted at the havoc wrought by war in his country. In order to plead with Zeus to restore peace to Hellas, he ignores the terrified protests of his little daughters and flies up to heaven on a huge dung-beetle (for is it not told in a fable of Aesop that the beetle is the only creature to have reached the gods?). In the end he and his fellow-farmers succeed in dragging up the goddess Peace from a well into which the war-god has flung her. With her there appear two attendants, namely Harvest-time and Festival. (The Greek, of course, could make a personality out of anything he liked.) Harvest-time is to be the hero’s own bride. Festival, he is instructed by Hermes to take back to Athens, and present her—one wonders for a moment whether this is 421 B.C. or A.D. 1951—to the Government! Arrived home, he explains to his slave who she is. ‘What!’ exclaims the slave, with a suggestion of 1952 rather than 1951, ‘Festival, is she? Do you mean the one we celebrated some time back in a drunken kind of way?’

In another play, the ‘Acharnians’, the hero is a similar figure who gets impatient with the stupidity and apathy of the Athenian assembly, and when he sees that nothing will persuade them to make peace, goes off and concludes a separate treaty with the Spartans on his own account, just for himself and his family, so that at any rate one man’s vineyards will be free of the trampling armies of Sparta which invaded Attica every campaigning season. And what is the first thing he does as soon as his private treaty is concluded? He celebrates his own Rural Dionysia, a country festival which the war had prevented for the last six years. True, it is a little truncated, for instead of the crowds which should have taken part as actors or spectators, he has only his daughter and his servants to assist, while his wife is ordered up to the roof to act as audience. Nevertheless, all is carried out in due form, with daughter and slave bearing the ritual objects in pro-

cession while Dikaionpolis himself (the ‘right-minded citizen’, as his name implies) conducts the sacrifice and prayer to Dionysus.

Sacrifice and prayer—for the core of all Greek festivals was and remained religious. In spite of a great difference in spiritual atmosphere, they had this central feature in common with the festivals of ancient Egypt and Mesopotamia. They may have been occasions for all kinds of high spirits, for eating and getting drunk, for dancing and buffoonery and the broadest kinds of humour. Plutarch says of this very Rural Dionysia that there, as at the festival of Kronos (the Roman Saturnalia) once the slaves got down to the feasting—for slaves had special privileges on these occasions—their shouting and generally uproarious behaviour were intolerable. All this at a religious festival was nothing incongruous in Greek eyes. They would never have understood a mentality which kept religion separate from most of the ordinary pursuits of life. Religion was everywhere, and entered daily and hourly into the most diverse activities as a matter of course.

Religion that Became Secularised

No less incomprehensible to them would have been the way in which, when religion nowadays does colour deeply the daily actions and thoughts of a person, it is expected to give them a solemn and serious cast. The difference between us is well illustrated by the way in which a B.B.C. announcer recently introduced a mass by Haydn as containing music which, ‘If’, he said, ‘it did not occur in a religious work, one would be tempted to call exuberant’. Thus we should not feel so much inclined to call the Greeks religious as to say that with them religion became secularised. What we perhaps find particularly difficult to understand is that the distinction between religious and secular is a modern one which to a fifth-century Athenian would have been meaningless. One thing we may be sure of. If London were Athens, then on the one hand the spring opening of the Festival Gardens would certainly be a religious occasion, but, on the other, its religious character would have an effect on the mood of the spectators quite other than if a bishop were to start things off with a service.

For one thing, when sacrifice was made to the gods, it was not only the gods who benefited. The sacrifice was shared with the human participants, and the occasion was one for a rare feast of meat on the part of a people who lived mostly off bread with a few olives and figs and perhaps a morsel of goat’s-milk cheese. That every sacrifice was a feed may sound a little shocking. But it had its converse, that the killing of an animal for food was also regularly a sacrifice. No Homeric hero liked to sit down to his meat without giving the gods their portion, praying and carrying out such ritual acts as libation, sprinkling the victim with barley, cutting off a few of its hairs for a preliminary offering.

To return to the Rural Dionysia and the proceedings of Dikaionpolis. First of all he calls for silence with the traditional, ritual cry: ‘*Euphemeite, euphemeite*’. No ill-omened word must be uttered when the rites are about to begin, and the safest way to ensure this is to say nothing at all. So this word, which should only mean ‘speak fair’, became a synonym for keeping one’s mouth shut. Then he marshals his miniature procession. First let the basket-bearer step forward—that is, his daughter. And let the slave keep the phallus upright. ‘Now put down the basket, my daughter, that we may begin the rites’. The basket would contain sacrificial implements and the barley for sprinkling, and there is also a flat cake over which the daughter ladles some sort of pease-brose. ‘Well and good’, says Dikaionpolis, and prays: ‘O Lord Dionysus, graciously receive this procession which I make, and grant that when I have sacrificed with my household I may perform thy rustic festival with good fortune—and no more army-service. May my thirty-years’ truce turn out well for me. Now daughter’, he continues, ‘see that you carry the basket nicely, and look pretty, and modest. Go on now, and I will follow and sing the festive song. And you, wife, look on from the roof. Forward’. And as they move on he sings the traditional song to Phales, spirit of fertility attendant on Dionysus. The epithets by which he addresses him are frankly indecent,



Design from a Greek vase (c. 500-480 B.C.), with what is probably a representation of a Rural Dionysiac procession

and he ends by inviting him to a common drinking-bout. 'As for my shield, we'll hang it up in the ingle'.

Aristophanes has added some comic detail, but the framework of the proceedings, so far as he reproduces it, is certainly authentic. At some at least of these rustic festivals there was more. The village had its rough theatre, and the phallic song grew into an embryo dramatic performance, of which indeed the comedy of Aristophanes is a direct descendant, still bearing plenty of traces of its ancestry.

The connection in all this between religion and buffoonery, reverence and uninhibited ribaldry, is of course no product of sophistication or unbelief. It is essential and original. The conception behind Greek festivals of this type is the same as that behind many other ritual celebrations of the Near East, namely fertility. Without the fertility of plants and animals, on which its own life depends, the human race would die. Considering that life today is sustained as exclusively as in any other age by animal and vegetable products, it is even surprising, in spite of our urban existence, how little we are moved by the annual miracle of new life in the fields, be it of corn or of lambs. To the ancient Greek it *was* a miracle, and by no means to be taken for granted. It might not occur at all if he did not carry out his part, and that did not simply mean tilling the ground, sowing the seed, and looking after his animals. There was magic in it, and when it came to be associated with personal gods, there was religion. The essence of the magic lay in two related ideas. First, all nature and her processes were akin. There was an essential identity between the reproduction of animal or human kind and the springing up of grain from a seed. Secondly, to imitate or in any way suggest one of these processes was not mere imitation or description. By the operation of sympathy (to use the convenient modern technical term), it actively assisted it. There was much then that could be done at the critical seasons to assist the powers of generation—at sowing, at harvesting, or in the barren season of the year when it seems that the spirit of fertility is either dead or absent. Hence the prominence of sexual symbols, licentious dances or broad jokes at the seasonal festivals.

The Greeks indeed had a zest, a gift for appreciating life at its earthiest as well as in the heights, and no doubt

these antics were enjoyed for their own sake and provided a not unwelcome outlet for that upsurge of animal life which we still call the Dionysiac in man. Together with this went a refusal to be overawed, a feeling that although the gods had greater powers, they were by no means faultless, and man owed it to himself to look them squarely in the face. This is characteristic of the Greek religious outlook, and is part of that intellectual approach to the world which differentiates them from other ancient peoples and constitutes perhaps our chief inheritance from them. The poet Theognis, for example, reflecting with apparent seriousness on the way in which, in spite of the power and omniscience of heaven, the sinner is often as well off as the righteous, could address the Father of Gods and Men in the words: 'Dear Zeus, I am surprised at you'. The religion of such a people could never bring them under the sway of god-born Pharaohs or a powerful priesthood like those of other Near Eastern countries, and it is not surprising that the mood of fear and solemnity which Professor Frankfort has described as the mark of a Mesopotamian festival was seldom present in Greek ritual.

Nevertheless the belief in the effectiveness of the ritual was unquestioned. Incidentally, the principle of sympathy could operate both ways. In the seasonal festivals the suggestion of human generative powers was invoked to assist the growth of fruits and cereals. Conversely, at a wedding the bridegroom would be deluged with fruit, nuts or grain, that his marriage might be blessed with offspring. In the throwing of rice over a bridal couple we have by no means the only survival into our own day of these old sympathetic rites.

There were many spirits of fertility, but none so captured the imagination as that Dionysus in whose honour Dikaionpolis performed his simple mummerly. We think of him as the god of wine, but he was rather, as Plutarch put it, god of the whole moist element in nature, of saps and juices other than those of the grape, of blood and all the humours that course and leap through the animal body. Moisture is life. What dies becomes dry, withered, brittle. To have moisture is to be pliant, supple, springing, potent. Dionysus is the god of vitality through moisture, living symbol of that universal fertility which to the Greek mind is the same in animals and plants. His image is the vine or the ivy, but it is equally the bull



Women preparing a festival for Dionysus beside his image: an Attic vase (c. 440 B.C.)
Illustrations: British Museum

or the kid. To him the countryman prays for a blessing on vines and herds alike, and in his honour he sings the phallic song with all its robust earthiness—or, as it may seem to some, its reprehensible obscenity. Nothing, as the countryman sees it, could be more pleasing to the god of generation. But the god had not always been there. The festival had older and simpler roots, hardly religious but rather magical. The human action, dance and song, and the springing and ripening of the crops, were parts or aspects of a single action. Omission of the one might lead to the failure of the other.

I might have spent all my time on a straightforward description of one of the greater Greek festivals. There is the Panathenaea, symbol of the civic pomp of Athens, at which an embroidered robe was ceremonially presented to the city's goddess on her own Acropolis; or

the astonishing spectacle of the Olympic games, athletic contest, mammoth fair and religious festival in one. Certainly this latter shows the Greek outlook at its most typical, not least in the way in which fines imposed on misguided athletes who tried to bribe their way to victory were used to set up statues of Zeus. I have chosen instead to take a simple country festival, and not only describe it but try to indicate the attitude to life which underlay it, as it underlies many a saint's day or other festival in southern Europe today. To visit those parts is to feel sometimes that our distance from the fellow-citizens of Aristophanes is not so much chronological as geographical. If we find it difficult to enter into their thoughts and feelings, it is not only because we live more than 2,000 years later. It is perhaps equally due to the difference between north and south.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

China and Communism

Sir,—Professor L. Forster in his letter of May 22 raises a number of interesting points which could be argued at length and on which no final answer is possible. I fully recognise the great contribution which Chiang Kai-shek made to China up to the early years of the war against Japan. In spite of the growing corruption and weariness of the later war years, in 1945, the people of China were ready to acclaim him as the only possible leader. My case against him is that: (a) He failed to control his own party and leaned more and more on right wing leaders who were concerned only to maintain their own power and privileges. (b) He failed to understand either the attractions or dangers of communism, believing it could be defeated entirely by military methods. He was tragically mistaken in this, and despite the considerable amount of American material support which he received, his armies melted away before the communist attack because they had nothing to fight for. Even in the military sphere he made grave mistakes which helped to lose him the war. (c) He made so many empty boasts and unfulfilled promises that the people ceased to believe anything he said. He was finally and completely discredited.

It is true that the war against Japan gave the communists their great opportunity and they emerged from the war far stronger than before, but there was still time at the end of the war to deal with the situation if it had been properly handled. There is no evidence that the Russians gave material support to the communists, apart from some of the arms left by the Japanese in Manchuria, and indeed Russia helped the Kuomintang to regain control of Manchuria. The communist armies fought mostly with captured American weapons, and they won their own victory in China. They have no reason to feel dependent on Russia.

Many observers cannot believe that the communists will eradicate Chinese individualism. But they are doing just that, and a case can be made out that communism easily fits into the Chinese environment. Just as Confucianism was the official way of life, to be taught in all the schools, accepted by all government servants, so now communism. China has often in her history looked for the strong man who would rescue the nation. The people were taught submissiveness to the leaders. When the grass is blown by the wind, it must bend, says the proverb. Mao Tse-tung now fills the role which had been left vacant. The Chinese tend to judge any system by a pragmatic test and communism seems to be working. As long as it works it is evidence

that it has received the mandate of heaven. What is happening now is that many Chinese really have found a new way of life and joyfully accept it, and the rest are terrorised into submission.—Yours, etc.,

Norbury

L. CONSTANTINE

Eight Weeks in South Africa

Sir,—Listening to Mr. Duguid's talks on South Africa, and admiring the skill and artistry with which he handled his subject, I could not but regret the restriction of time imposed upon him by the B.B.C. Eight weeks is just not long enough for a correspondent, even of Mr. Duguid's calibre, to open up new lines of thought upon a country, the complexity of whose problems are, I believe, unparalleled in any other state today. Having worked among the people of Natal now for six years, I thought his observations upon the race prejudices of the Europeans somewhat harsh. Let it be repeated once more, that only a very few whites stood and laughed, as Africans beat up Indians in Durban's streets during the 1949 riots—and their type is regrettably to be found in every community of whatever colour. In this connection I was surprised at Mr. Duguid's failure to report on the extensive economic exploitation of the African by the Indian in Natal, which is one of the most explosive factors in the situation and determined the course of the violence in 1949.

Nor is 'every penny' of the money spent on Indian education 'grudged' as Mr. Duguid would have listeners believe. When I joined the University staff in Durban in 1946, I found my colleagues in the Faculties of Arts and Social Science regularly sacrificing their week-ends, including Sundays, and holding classes for part time Indian and African students. Last year, when the University ran into serious financial difficulties, I was privileged to be a member of Senate when it rejected a suggestion that economies might be effected at the expense of the non-Europeans by closing down these classes. Senate's decision was endorsed by the University Council, on which sit six nominees of the Malan administration, and two city councillors representing the Durban municipal corporation. This year it is hoped to persuade the government Universities Commission of Inquiry that the time has come to establish a college for full and part time non-European students in Durban, as a constituent branch of the University of Natal. The Government has already provided the nucleus around which such a college can be planned. In 1951 by generous subsidies it enabled the University to open in Durban, a medical school, from which, interestingly enough,

up to the time of my departure on leave in January, European candidates were barred, and in which the Indians and Africans for whom it was primarily founded, could only enrol for the long and expensive training prescribed, because the Government had voted very substantial bursaries for the purpose.

I must also mention the well-equipped Indian Teachers' Training College which the Natal Provincial Education Department opened in Durban in 1951. I think these developments in the field of higher education for Indians and Africans in Natal should be made known over here, and had Mr. Duguid been given time to inquire into the race attitudes of the younger generation of all races now attending the country's universities and colleges, he could not fail to have been deeply impressed by their significance.

My general criticism of Mr. Duguid's talks is that in cultivating detachment and presenting what were in effect 'background' reports, he became too preoccupied with long term trends, with the possibility, for example, of an African rising at some future date. He did not, as a consequence, stress sufficiently the fact of revolution in the country now, and as his listeners may soon be called upon to play a part in the unfolding plot against constitutional government in South Africa, this is serious. When Dr. Malan does demand the transfer of the Protectorates, I am certain that most of Mr. Duguid's listeners will merely express surprise that such a claim should be presented when Malan's reputation has sunk so low everywhere outside his own party. Might I suggest that as the British Government will be confidently expected to refuse, and British public opinion, still more confidently, to demand such a refusal, there might be something to be said for not indulging the Doctor in the manner he anticipates? Negotiation could seriously embarrass Dr. Malan and might materially affect the course of events in South Africa—always providing of course that a spoon of sufficient length can be found for the British representative.—Yours, etc.,

Edgware

WYN REES

Senior Lecturer in History,
University of Natal, Durban

Sir,—Mr. Tyerman has asked Mr. Allen for certain information about schooling for non-Europeans in South Africa. The following may be of interest to him.

In the year 1949 there were 2,935 schools (primary and secondary) for Europeans in the Union, 1,248 for coloureds, 223 for Asiatics, 5,858 for Africans and 55 for mixed non-Europeans. Pupils at these schools totalled 486,297, 200,947 (including some Asiatics),

55,497 and 786,978 respectively; 15.89 per cent. of European scholars were (in 1948) in secondary schools, 2.34 per cent. of coloureds, 3.44 of Asiatics and 2.51 of Africans.

In 1948 teachers in schools were divided as follows: Europeans, 17,810 qualified and 570 unqualified; coloured, 5,436 and 231; Asiatic, 1,311 and 231; African, 15,392 and 2,584; mixed non-European, 59 and 9.

According to the estimates for 1949-50 the total provincial expenditure on education was: European, £18,852,966; coloured and Asiatic, £4,154,688; African, £4,863,870 (actual was £4,894,101). And the average cost per pupil was: European, £41.99; coloured and Asiatic, £16.55; African, £6.41.

These figures are quoted from the *Survey of Race Relations: 1950-51* issued by the South African Institute of Race Relations.

Out of the total population of South Africa in 1946, 11,418,349, 20.8 per cent. were Europeans, 68.6 per cent. Africans, 8.1 per cent. coloured and 2.5 per cent. Asiatic. It is probable that the non-European population will have grown slightly since then.

Although provincial and state efforts to improve the position should not be overlooked, the fundamental inequality of opportunity revealed by these figures remains. This is true in all respects of South Africa, politically, economically, technically and socially: discrimination, segregation and nagging injustice are the rule, and always have been.—Yours, etc.,

Herne Hill

O. CALDECOTT

Why Greek Rationalism Failed

Sir,—It is an interesting sign of the times that someone should write to defend Socrates against the 'unworthy' insinuation that he was a rationalist. When I spoke of 'the rationalist framework' which Plato inherited from Socrates, I did not realise that I was casting an aspersion on a revered name; I grew up in an age when 'rationalist' was not yet a fashionable term of abuse. As to the facts, I should be the last to deny that Socrates (like most of us) held some opinions which were not based on reason: may I refer Mr. Richmond to my recent book, *The Greeks and the Irrational*, where I have pointed out that Socrates does not really fit the popular modern conception of a Greek rationalist? But when Mr. Richmond calls it 'a plain historical mistake' to describe the Socratic ethic as naive intellectualism, I do not understand him at all. I think most scholars would call it a plain historical truism. And I would add that it is no reproach to Socrates. The notion that 'virtue is knowledge' had long been implicit in Greek ways of talking about ethical questions; to make it for the first time explicit and work out what it involved was an important service to philosophy. My criticism was directed against the Stoics, who reverted to a view of this type after Aristotle, and Plato in his later work, had demonstrated its inadequacy.—Yours, etc.,

Christ Church, Oxford E. R. DODDS

Memento Mori

Sir,—Expressed in the Arts Council exhibition of English Churchyard Sculpture which I was responsible for organising are these two aims:

1. To present the work of past craftsmen, hitherto anonymous and neglected, whose skill merits recognition
2. To encourage a revival of good designs cut by native craftsmen in British stone on contemporary memorials

Mr. Grigson, in his talk on this exhibition, entitled 'Memento Mori' seems to misconstrue these simple objectives and to feel they have been given an undue importance. In this process he has used certain wider arguments of criticism

with which I find myself at variance.

The antiquary, by his discovery of minutiae, builds a complex mosaic to exhibit the pattern of culture. The critic or aesthete (when dealing with past cultures at any rate) has to rely on the garden being dug, before he may cull the flower.

In its logical sense it is admittedly true that tradition cannot be healed, mended or revived, but art-history is full of experiments which have an antiquarian impetus albeit an original flourishing. The work of Palladio, Winckelmann and Morris springs to mind. The arbiter of taste in one age is derided in the next, and for this reason the historian assesses rather coolly any such aristocracy.

Mr. Grigson, in his own elegy, has forced Gray hugger-mugger on a 'circumbendibus', in mixed company, only to end on Crackskull Common in some confusion. If I, in my turn, may be allowed to put words into the mouth of the poet's shade, would he not (scholar that he was) turn from the gravestone to country house and be forced to acknowledge that the tradition of his time had sunk its roots deep, as well as expanded its less blushing flowers? Would he not (wit that he was) have been amused to find the Gothick taste which he was much occupied with refining by research in his own day, expressing itself later in the Camden Society, or the social experiments of Pugin, Ruskin and Morris? May he not (sensitive as he was), have agreed that my depiction of the work of unknown craftsmen was in sympathy with the sentiments of his own 'Elegy', whose romanticism is redeemed for us today by its humanity?

Mr. Grigson cannot have it both ways. If tradition has to grow 'akin to the unconscious growth of a plant or an animal' the pontiff of taste is no more than a Pharisee. If one admits that the better contemporary gravestones have but 'cold, castrated good taste' what epithets should be applied to a sort of contemporary art patently derivative from the Ecole de Paris? I detect the implication that craftsmen are inferior to artists, I smell the heresy of 'Art for Art's sake'.—Yours, etc.,

School of Art,
Reigate

FREDERICK BURGESS

Sir,—Permit me, as a bungling mason, to comment on Geoffrey Grigson's talk about the recent exhibition of churchyard sculpture. Unfortunately the talk itself seemed to be entirely negative; it was full of words which left us in doubt about the speaker's actual conclusions. He relegated medieval gravestones to the museum, he was slightly chilled by the modern tendency, and he did not like the popular marble memorials. There he leaves us without a guiding hint about the shape of stones to come. Would it not be more worthy of such a superior attitude to say with Freud that the custom of raising tombstones to the dead is the result of a guilt complex and that the correct thing to do is to free ourselves of our guileless guilt and cease to pay atonement for it? That I could applaud if ill afford. However, we are not easily persuaded and such deep rooted sentiments, and the traditional manner in which they are expressed, still remain despite anything we can say against them.

The headstone, lettered and ornamented, derives from Greek and Roman times. Geoffrey Grigson refers to the use of such memorials as a 'tradition almost dead'. It is true that certain authorities are doing their best to limit or suppress the custom, but never before were there so many stones erected to so many people. Hence the problem is to provide large numbers of stones and at the same time to avoid the overtidiness and regimentation which many burial boards seek to impose and against which Geoffrey Grigson so rightly complains.

My own critical comment on the exhibition is

that I should like to have seen more various examples of contemporary work. When Geoffrey Grigson came to discuss this point, we expected a full measure of wise comment, after having heard so many words spent upon a small piece of incidental rhetoric by Thomas Gray; but, alas, we are treated only to a rather far-fetched simile and extravagant metaphors. One may find a little comfort in concluding that 'cold, castrated good taste' (whatever that may be) is, at least, somewhat better than castrated bad taste at any temperature.

I agree that it is not accurate and fitting to lay all the blame for degenerate or unworthy work upon the customer, who can be persuaded and advised, but only too often a middle-man intervenes and may influence the client in a way expedient to his business of buying and selling, not according to aesthetic and technical considerations. The second obstacle is presented by cemetery regulations, which are drafted without consulting the artist-craftsman.

Were it not for memorial sculpture, in its broad sense, there would be scarcely any contemporary sculpture at all; only a small number of extravagant commissions offered to the favoured few. Let us admit the 'poverty of our times'. Modern commercialism bears heavily upon us, and, in a wealth of machines of destruction the creative urge turns sadly to the grave!—Yours, etc.,

North Cheam

SIDNEY POOL

Round the London Art Galleries

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of May 15 Mr. Eric Newton writes: 'I have come to the conclusion, after years of familiarity with her (Frances Hodgkins) art, that she is one of the three greatest colourists that ever lived'. May a puzzled reader ask for an explanation of this astonishing statement, and for the names of Mr. Newton's other two 'greatest colourists that ever lived'? Commenting on the words 'colour' and 'colouring' in his recent book on Tintoretto, Mr. Newton wrote (page 32): 'For us the words imply colour harmonisation or colour orchestration—the organisation of colour in a decorative or emotional sense. . . . In our sense of the word the greatest colourists of Venetian painting are . . . Carpaccio, Bellini and, later, Veronese'. In what way did Miss Hodgkins equal or surpass any of these painters? It would really be instructive to learn how, by applying his own criteria, Mr. Newton comes to such an absolute conclusion about a modern artist whose work is drab, decoratively inept and emotionally tepid.

Yours, etc.,

Argilliers

DOUGLAS COOPER

'A Woman Surgeon'

Sir,—The review of *A Woman Surgeon* by Louisa Martindale in THE LISTENER of May 22 contains the statement that 'wherever she went some tangible record of her having been there was left—a new hospital in Brighton for women, a French hospital in the Abbey of Royaumont during the first world war'.

The Scottish Women's Hospital at Royaumont was, from its inception in 1914 to the end of that war, under the direction of its surgeon-in-chief, Miss Frances Ivens of Liverpool, to whose drive and vision the enterprise owed much of its success. Dr. Martindale may well have been a generous donor to the Scottish Women's Hospitals, but I can find no evidence that she was ever at Royaumont, either in my own memory of the years I spent there as surgeon, or in *The Scottish Women's Hospital at the French Abbey of Royaumont* by de Navarro, a well-documented account of the work and workers.

Yours, etc.,

E. M. MARTLAND

General Infirmary, Salisbury

NEWS DIARY

May 21-27

Wednesday, May 21

Commons debate Government's White Paper on transport

London Post Office van held up and robbed of about £200,000 in notes

Mr. Eden arrives in Paris

Thursday, May 22

Western High Commissioners and Federal German Chancellor settle in Bonn question of Federal Republic's contribution to cost of European army

Mr. Eden visits Strasbourg for meeting of Committee of Ministers of Council of Europe

House of Lords starts two-day debate on Government's White Paper on broadcasting

Friday, May 23

Committee of Ministers agrees in principle to Mr. Eden's proposal for linking Council of Europe with European Defence Community and the Schuman Plan

Speaker of U.S. House of Representatives criticises proposed reductions in Foreign Aid programme

East German Parliament adopts a law enlarging the Cabinet and extending its powers

Saturday, May 24

Three Western Foreign Ministers meet Federal German Chancellor to discuss new agreement with Western Germany

Mr. Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister, arrives in London

Minister of Supply speaks about progress in developing British guided rockets

Sunday, May 25

Final draft of Contractual Agreements between Western Powers and Federal German Republic agreed to

At request of France, Foreign Ministers decide to re-draft Anglo-American guarantee to European Defence Community

Len Hutton, of Yorkshire, is appointed first professional captain of England's cricket Test team

Monday, May 26

German Contractual Agreements signed at Bonn

General Sir John Harding appointed C.I.G.S. from November 1

Mr. Menzies sees the Prime Minister

Tuesday, May 27

Treaty setting up European Defence Community signed in Paris

General Ridgway arrives in Paris to take over from General Eisenhower

Minister of Transport announces Government's policy on civil aviation



H.M. Queen Mary who celebrated her eighty-fifth birthday on May 26. She is seen while out for a drive in London last week



The Foreign Ministers of Great Britain, the United States, and M. Schuman, seen with Dr. Adenauer, the Federal German Chancellor, last weekend in Bonn to discuss outstanding questions before the signing of the Contractual Agreements on May 26

Right: American soldiers on guard at one of the prisoner-of-war camps in South Korea, where, during recent disorders among the prisoners, General Dodd, the former prison commandant, was captured



Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret leaving a B.O.A.C. Comet jet airliner at Hatfield, Hertfordshire, on May 23 after a four-hour flight. They travelled a total distance of 1,850 miles and flew over France, Switzerland and Italy. Among those who accompanied the royal party were Sir Geoffrey and Lady de Havilland and Sir Miles Thomas, Chairman of British Overseas Airways Corporation. Group-Captain John Cunningham, chief test pilot of the de Havilland Aircraft Company, was at the controls



One of the ornamental gardens at the White City, London
Right: D. Maclean (Glasgow Police) tossing a bomb into the White City on Saturday



Right: Some of the treasures in the Gold Drawing Room at Chatsworth, Derbyshire, which are included in an exhibition there (open until September 28) of all the principal works of art in the Duke of Devonshire's collection. They are on view in rooms which have not been open to the public before. The painting at the far end of the drawing room is a contemporary copy of Holbein's portrait of King Henry VIII



Mr. Eden, Mr. Acheson
cellor, when they met
gning of the German

ounds on Kojé Island,
prisoners, Brigadier-
hostage for three days



Mr. R. G. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, who is
paying an official visit to this country, photographed
with Mrs. Menzies at London Airport on Saturday



Flower Show which was held last week
ber in the London Caledonian Games at the
ined his title as champion



A new feature at the Battersea Pleasure
Gardens, reopened on Saturday: 'The
Astroterramare' by Emmet



A photograph taken on Saturday during the Oxford University Summer Eights

Right: Dixie, an Indian elephant, waves a symbolic key at Whipsnade's twenty-first
birthday party on May 22





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The headpiece is by Clifford Webb and is one of many for 'Days on the Farm' by Ralph Wightman (July 8s. 6d)

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Summer Books

Pre-Conquest England and Byzantium

English Art 871-1100. By D. Talbot Rice. Oxford. 37s. 6d.

Reviewed by R. L. S. BRUCE-MITFORD

THE period of 230 years of late Saxon and early Norman art covered by Professor Talbot Rice's volume in that great enterprise, the 'Oxford History of English Art', is not an easy one to tackle. No other volume in the series has to face such a confusion of styles, influences, and impulses, or so hazy a chronology. It is a period of great energy, and fascinating to those who are interested in identifying and unravelling styles, but apt to bewilder the student. It also contains many of the best and most beautiful things in Saxon and early Norman art. It covers the inception and evolution of the 'Winchester' style in book illustration and decoration, 'the first really English thing in English art' as Sir Thomas Kendrick calls it, and a style that attains great force, beauty, charm, and influence. It includes the Alfred Jewel, the Benedictional of St. Aethelwold (supreme achievement of 'Winchester' art), the towers of Earls Barton and Sompting, St. Cuthbert's stole, the chapel in Durham Castle, the Caedmon MS., the Langford and Romsey roods, the Viking grave slab from St. Paul's with the combat of great beast and serpent, and the Bayeux tapestry, the English origin of which is no longer in doubt. It is thus an important but a difficult volume.

Where few dated works exist, and styles are thoroughly mixed, chronology, which is, of course, fundamental to art-history, as to any kind of history, is full of uncertainty. It cannot be said that Professor Talbot Rice solves any of the chronological problems. But he takes an independent stand. Thus in this volume are included with deliberation important works of art that others put well into the twelfth century; for example, the splendid Chichester panels (dated to c. 1080), the York Virgin (probably early eleventh century), the Langford Rood (c. 1020), the lovely ivory crozier-head in the Victoria and Albert Museum (c. 1060). Similarly at the other end of his period Professor Talbot Rice claims significant works which general opinion would consign to the earlier volume. Thus the Reculver Cross (usually accepted as seventh century) is dated to the tenth. This will suffice to indicate the controversial nature of much of Professor Rice's material.

The author has a message which is reiterated throughout the book and clearly stated in the summary of conclusions at the end. It is that Byzantine art and influences played the most important role in the development of English art and culture from the time of Alfred onwards. 'Very close contacts were maintained with the Germanic area' (i.e. the Ottonian Empire, through which the Byzantine influence is held to have been chiefly transmitted) and with 'regions further afield'. Professor Talbot Rice also concludes that northern (Scandinavian) influences are much less important in later Saxon art than many writers have supposed. Finally, we may note his general verdict on later Saxon art. Its 'essential character was its Englishness. It was not merely

an eclectic art . . . it constituted rather a clearly defined and quite original style with a definite character of its own. The sculptures, ivories, textiles, and, above all, manuscript illustrations are quite easy to distinguish as English. They stand out moreover by virtue of their quality; it might even be said that nothing on the Continent at the same time was quite the same, and nothing, except perhaps in the Byzantine area, quite so good'.

The novel part of Professor Talbot Rice's volume is his emphasis on Byzantium. Unfortunately, while constantly citing Byzantine influence and providing a political background, the author never demonstrates it. In no case are models and copies set side by side and subjected to a convincing analysis. Indeed, it can be said that a noticeable weakness of the volume is lack of analysis, both of the aesthetic qualities of works of art, and of their art-historical content. A competent, well-balanced, and useful conspectus of the whole range of later Saxon art is provided, but it solves none of the problems. The fact is that the study of late Saxon art is not in a condition to allow of the production of a definitive volume comparable with Professor Stenton's great work in the 'Oxford History of England'. This is partly the result of academic neglect of the archaeology and art-history of the period, while linguistic, literary and general historical studies have been widely practised and long established. A great deal of original research is needed to put art-history on a comparable footing. There does not seem to have been very much in this volume.

Clear though the general presentation of the material is, it is not always easy to follow the author's arguments. Thus as grounds for dating the Reculver Cross to the tenth century it is said without elaboration that if (one piece of it) is put beside so characteristically a Winchester work as the Stinsford angel, 'the two at once fall into place together'. I personally can see no resemblance between the two. There are other loose statements; for instance, 'Saxon enamelling of the Pagan period was very proficient' (there is strictly no Saxon enamelling of

the pagan period); or again 'spirals occur on many objects of the Trewhiddle hoard . . . blended with stylised versions of the palmette or ivy scroll' (they only occur on one object in the hoard, and this is an earlier piece incorporated in the hoard and having no foliate decoration). Or again, that 'practically nothing is known of Anglo-Saxon pottery of the Christian period', when enough is known to write a doctore.

Such deficiencies of detail on the fringe of the subject do not alter the fact that a major book has appeared in a field that now attracts much attention, nor counterbalance the author's massive achievement in producing a well-balanced and stimulating review of very difficult material. The book is beautifully produced in the best manner of the Oxford Press, and the illustrations are excellent.



Ivory handle of the seal of Godwin, c. A.D. 1000

British Museum

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B

'SUMPTUOUS', 'MAGNIFICENT', are words which unfortunately can all too seldom be used justifiably by publishers today. But we venture to say they can be applied, without immodesty, to the new edition of *CHINESE ART*, to be published in June (84s.). Here indeed, with its 100 colour plates and scholarly introduction by R. L. Hobson, the gorgeous East is held in fee. Still speaking ceramically, if on a somewhat more modest note, there is the new volume in the *Chats Series* by Arthur Hayden, *CHATS ON ENGLISH CHINA* (12s. 6d.)—if there are doubts about your Rockingham, or whether you should buy that piece of old Chelsea, here are the answers.

There is no connection between these books and *THE HEARTHSTONE HEART* (12s. 6d.), except that we think it is the best novel R. G. Nettel has written. The setting is the Isle of Wight, and it is no far cry now to Italy, which E. G. Cousins has used as the background of his latest novel *MOAB IS MY WASHPOT* (12s. 6d. June). The author of *Come Like a Storm* and *To Comfort the Signora* admirably describes the Italy of 1944-5 and its rulers. 'A true novelist' said Michael Sadleir; we cannot say fairer than that. Fairways and holes figure largely in *HOW TO PLAY THE OLD COURSE AT ST. ANDREWS* (2s. 6d. June), an attractive booklet which tells you

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B

Why Worry?

The British Worker. By Ferdynand Zweig. Pelican. 2s. 6d.

'WOT, NO FIGURES?' as one of Dr. Zweig's friends might put it. No, hardly any, so that the enumerators, the computers and the samplers will all look down their noses. And quite right too, if casual impressions are used for the purposes of condemnation, which is happily far from Dr. Zweig's intentions. But let us not, in our turn, be censorious. After all there is a place, somewhere between the statistical enquirer and the case-historian, for the informal observer, especially when he is as bright-eyed, sensitive and unpretentious as Dr. Zweig, who has already proved himself to be a competent student of British working-class life in his *Labour, Life and Poverty* and his *Men in the Pits*. As a foreigner he has the double advantage of a fresh approach and that very foreignness which unseals lips that would be closed to many of us. Few things provide greater pleasure to the working man than giving information to a ready listener. In everyday life he has few opportunities of doing this, because his friends want to say their own say and not listen to him, and the inquisitive middle classes are suspect; a foreigner or a stranger from the Dominions is always welcome.

Of course we read his book with a critical eye. After all, every one of us nowadays claims to know the working classes better than anyone else, from the employer of labour ('I know the men—damn good fellows...') to the inverted snob ('A friend of mine, who happens to be a dustman...'). However, most people who read his book—and let us hope that their number will be statistically significant—will agree that Dr. Zweig has got a lot of it right when he describes the working man's attitude to work, sport, drink, gambling, money, his class and Life itself. And for one thing let us be truly thankful: he depicts the *splendeurs* of working-class life as well as the *misères*. The culture he describes is an adaptation to insecurity. Loss of work, loss of health, loss of home are ever present threats, and there are no refuges round the corner. The result is a stress on solidarity, a concentration on the present, and a high value placed on enjoyment.

Dr. Zweig points out the significance of solidarity in saving habits, such as they are. The working man 'prefers saving through a friendly society, trade union or club to saving alone at home' or in a bank. It is the basis of trade unionism; alone a working man is helpless, collectively he can avoid being pushed around. Hence the dislike of non-union men, who get the rights without shouldering the duties, and hence also the dislike of innovations which may prejudice collectively won gains. Solidarity, in the form of the need for collective approval, combined with the publicity of working-class life and the comparatively low level of verbal skill, is responsible for the extreme sensitivity to being 'shown up'. Dr. Zweig discusses this in connection with the work situation, but it goes deeper. There is the dislike of shopping, which is mainly done by the women and children, the dislike of being seen carrying parcels, the horror of carrying anything unwrapped, the shyness about approaching the bureaucracy of the Welfare State, however ready to help they may be. A fear of being 'shown up' may even determine the choice of a suit, the colour of which you don't like, because folks might think you were in your working clothes if you bought another blue pin-stripe. And it penetrates the home itself. That is why little Rita gets the dolly with the eyes that close when her Dad takes her to see Father Christmas; she might fare worse with her Mum. Dad cannot afford it, no doubt, but neither can he afford being shown up before Father Christmas and the kid. And if it means going short—'Why worry?'

Living for the present and getting what you can out of it, which so many middle-class people deprecate, is a perfectly intelligible attitude for the chronically insecure to take up. The companionship of the bar or the singing room is so much to be preferred to the mausoleum of bowler hats next door, where the contrivers, who can bridge most of the gaps that come their way, silently brood over the future and a bottled beer. This living for the present has its difficulties, of course. Social relations in the absence of those little date-books we all rely on are a bit haphazard, and the expectation that Norman will turn up is often disconcertingly vague to those who are used to a world of appointments. There are rows, of course, but the working man usually takes it in his stride and is ready to accept the formal excuse: 'I couldn't get'. This means that social intercourse tends to be limited and *ad hoc*, but there is much to be said for such flexibility when one compares it with our own time-dominated lives. In a world where the time-perspective is so short-term you do not plan to forestall disaster, though you dimly

know that it may come at any moment, because you can do nothing about it. Under such circumstances surely it is natural that the working man's theme song should be: 'Why worry?'

But it is a changing world. As Professor Mace observes in his admirable introduction, the book might be called 'The British Workman—in Transition'. Full employment and the downward percolation of middle-class standards are having their effect. Little date-books are making their appearance. Dad is leaving the dignified security of the fireside and helping with the pots. He may be seen taking the kids out on Sunday before 'they' open. Before long we shall see him with a shopping basket. Solidarity is strong as ever, and no one wants to be called a 'scab', but interest in union affairs is not what it used to be. The bureaucratisation of the unions and the bourgeoisification of the workers are undermining processes. With strong union support, influenced, if not controlled, from below, there is much to be said for the courageous slogan: 'Why worry?' in the face of personal disaster. Without such support the slogan might become a counsel of collective despair in the face of tyranny.

W. J. H. SPROTT

A Quantum of Wit

Charles Napier: Friend and Fighter. 1782-1853

By Rosamond Lawrence. Murray. 21s.

LADY LAWRENCE, a collateral descendant of Sir Charles Napier and rightly attracted by 'a kind of bravura about this old warrior', has tried to draw a portrait of him as a hero remote in appearance and character from 'the utility common man with his drab raincoat'. She has brought to the task an 'affectionate bias', which almost makes up for her deficiencies.


If ever there was a man who spoke for himself in word and deed, that man was Charles Napier. It has even been thought that he was a better writer than his brother, the historian of the war in the Peninsula. He was a prolific and excellent letter-writer, and also kept a journal. A dashing man of action, brave, honourable, emotional, and eccentric, he is a fine subject for a biographer. The trouble with this biography is that it is the work of an enthusiastic amateur. The reader's response will be conditioned by his ability to surrender to Lady Lawrence's 'affectionate bias' and to content himself with a sketchy piece of writing. She tells us that 'horses were an integral part of Charles'; she tells us that Ali Pasha was a 'champion of Greek independence'; and she gives no precise indications of the sources of her information: she does not so much as mention Sir William Napier's *Life and Opinions of Sir C. J. Napier*. She seems to lack historical perspective as much as critical detachment and method.

When all that has been said, it must be admitted that she has succeeded in conveying her enjoyment of the subject, that she has often selected telling anecdotes and utterances, and that she has produced an impression of a remarkable character. Charles Napier was a son of that spirited Lady Sarah Lennox whom George III wanted to marry. Napier's devotion to his mother was more than ordinary. He was sent to a village school in Ireland, and it was there, possibly, that the seeds were first sown of his lifelong concern for the private soldier. He was commissioned at twelve, at twenty-six found himself in command of his regiment, fought like a lion, suffered multiple wounds, and was repatriated by Ney. He took part in the war against the United States: 'I will kill with my own hand', he wrote, 'any perpetrator of brutality under my command'. He served in the Ionian Islands, and was later famous as the conqueror of Sind and as commander-in-chief of India: indeed, he was verging on sixty when he embarked on that part of his career by which he is best remembered, and his main motive seems to have been to safeguard the financial future of his daughters. Perhaps it was also for their sake that he twice married elderly widows.

Open-heartedness, vitality, the power to feel, and the power to express what he felt, were among Napier's outstanding traits: 'I have a quantum of wit in me', he wrote, 'beyond the ordinary run of men, and if it had no vent my death would ensue from undelivered jokes'. (That might have been said by his contemporary, Sydney Smith.) After sixty years of soldiering he could proudly claim that his chief aim had been 'to protect the poor soldier', and in 1833 his dispatch after his victory at Miani had been 'the first in modern English history that

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To me military life is like dancing up a long room with a mirror at the end, against which we cut our faces, and so the deception ends. It is thus gaily men follow their trade of blood thinking it glittery, but to me it appears without brightness and reflections, a dirty red.

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Christ and Culture. By H. Richard Niebuhr. Faber. 21s.

THE PROBLEMS RAISED with eloquence and urgency in this book are problems for the Christian Church and, within that Church, are inseparable from theological considerations beyond the competency of this reviewer. But since the point at issue is the possible reconciliation of two social phenomena, religion and culture, it should be of interest to consider the operation from a humanistic point of view—which is the point of view of the guinea-pig. Assuming that we have to be cultured, what kind of culture do we consider best for ourselves—a humanistic culture which tolerates religion, a religious culture which is all-embracing and authoritarian, or two separate cultures with their distinct ethics and modes of life, living in uneasy proximity?

The answer will depend a little on how we define culture. Burkhardt, who enjoys the reputation of being an expert on the subject, decided that there were three powers in society—religion, state, and culture—and that they were 'supremely heterogeneous to each other'; and culture, in his usage, is distinguished from the other two powers by its non-authoritarian character. It is 'the sum of all that has spontaneously arisen for the advancement of material life' and as an expression of spiritual and moral life—all social intercourse, technologies, arts, literature and sciences. It is the realm of the variable, free, not necessarily universal, of all that cannot lay claim to compulsive authority'. Professor Niebuhr cannot accept these distinctions, nor the comparable one between culture and civilisation. For him culture is 'that total process of human activity and that total result of such activity to which now the name *culture*, now the name *civilisation*, is applied in common speech'. Culture is the whole of that 'artificial, secondary environment' (Malinowski) which man superimposes on the natural; it is a human achievement and it is always social. Furthermore, it is always a world of values, which values are conceived as good for man and as such to be conserved by institutions. 'Visions of order and justice, hopes of glory, must at the cost of much suffering be embodied in written laws, dramatic rites, structures of government, empires, ascetic lives'.

It is obvious that a religion like Christianity, messianic in its scope, must be very much concerned with such a conception of culture. It must find a basis of mutual accommodation. This book is a searching review of the possibilities, and in general there are found to be three. There is the dualist position, represented by Paul and Tertullian, by Luther and Tolstoy, which sees no possibility of compromise between Christ and culture—society is a corruption of man's primal purity, from which he must escape to seek a perfection 'wholly distinct from the aims that men seek in politics and economics, in sciences and arts'. A second position seeks a synthesis of Christ and culture—it might be called a compromise. 'The commandments of Christ to sell everything for the sake of following him, to give up judging our fellows, to turn the other cheek to the violent, to humble ourselves and become the servants of all, to abandon family and to forget tomorrow, cannot, the synthesist says, be made to rhyme with the requirements of human life in civilised society, by allegorising them or by projecting them into the future, when changed conditions will make them possible, or by relegating them to the sphere of personal disposition and good intention. They are too explicit for that. Yet, because he knows that God is the creator, he cannot evade responsibility for meeting requirements that are given in the nature of man, and which his reason discerns as commandments to his free will'. So this type of Christian must say 'Both Christ and culture', in full awareness of the dual nature of our law, our end, and our situation'. This is the

kind of answer to the problem given by Thomas Aquinas, for 'man's search for unity is unconquerable, and the Christian has a special reason for seeking integrity because of his fundamental faith in the God who is One'.

But there is still another answer to the problem, which Professor Niebuhr distinguishes as 'conversionist'—it is the answer given by the Gnostics, by Abelard, Augustine, and in modern times by Ritschl and F. D. Maurice. This position is, Christianly speaking, as fundamental as the dualist one, but it expresses the belief that the idea of a Christian society is realisable—Augustine's City of God. 'The Christian idea of the kingdom of God', writes Ritschl, 'denotes the association of mankind—an association both extensively and intensively the most comprehensible possible—through the reciprocal moral action of its members, action which transcends all merely natural and particular considerations'. Augustine, as Professor Niebuhr observes, not only describes but illustrates in his own person the work of Christ as converter of culture—he is himself an example of what conversion of culture means; in contrast to its rejection by radicals, to its idealisation by culturists, to the synthesis that proceeds largely by means of adding Christ to good civilisation, and to the dualism that seeks to live by the gospel in an unconquerably immoral society'. F. D. Maurice, whom we associate more mundanely with the Christian Socialist movement, is an equally good example of positive action issuing out of theory—the conversion of mankind from self-centredness to Christ-centredness was for Maurice the universal and present divine possibility'.

Professor Niebuhr is so objective in his exposition that it is a little difficult to discern his own answer to the problem. He says that 'the problem of Christ and culture can and must come to an end only in a realm beyond all study in the free decisions of individual believers and responsible communities'—a pronouncement which the perplexed Christian will not find very helpful. Meanwhile the 'culturist', as Professor Niebuhr calls him, will perhaps be forgiven if he awaits the issue of the debate with some impatience. The time has gone when he need fear the re-establishment of ecclesiastical authority; but he is much concerned with the threat of various forms of political authoritarianism, and is anxious to give his sympathy to that Christian party which promises to preserve the creative freedom of the individual.

HERBERT READ

Sicilian Diversion

Spring in Sicily. By Peter Quennell.
Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 15s.

PERHAPS THE MOST ATTRACTIVE quality of Mr. Quennell's elegant Sicilian diversion (apt word) is its untrammelled, even wayward, variety. He describes landscape and architecture with the sharp vividness and freshness of a fine etching, then uses them as a jumping-off ground for fascinating musings on and evocations of Byzantine imperial state, a scholarly comparison of Babylonian sculpture with Greek, an irate picture of the barbarous Crusaders sacking Constantinople, an entertaining one of Bourbon Sicily complete with Nelson and the Hamiltons, the Sicilian ramblings of Goethe, Ruskin, and (of all inept figures) D. H. Lawrence, an informing and delightful appreciation of Serpotta, the stucco artist (his work is in the same class, for richness and grace, as the Valencian sculptor Ignacio Vergera, but there is much more of it), who adorned the delicious baroque town of Noto.

Here is no solemn pretentiousness: the book begins with a gay account of a terrific sermon which unexpectedly assaulted the alarmed sceptic while he was seeing Syracuse cathedral. Syracuse induces an excellent summary of the Athenian *débâcle* as described by Thucydides (even half a century ago, Mr. Quennell sadly observes, such a reminder might have seemed an impertinence; actually even in the classical ignorance of today it may probably be assumed that any visitor to Sicily will be familiar with the story, but Mr. Quennell's evocations of history are never amiss); an appreciation of Dionysius, and a nightmarish description of the extraordinary quarries from which vanished Syracuse was hewn. Mr. Quennell, who on the whole shares little with earlier romantic visitors to Sicily, was, like them, puzzled by the complete disappearance of the great city described by classical writers; like them he stood musing over what Gregorovius called 'the vast plain

of dead Syracuse, wondering what forces can have so utterly annihilated the very dust out of which it had been built'. Those earlier travellers roved the savage, unfamiliar island in an ecstasy, entranced by ruined grandeur, ensnelled by *l'entêtement de l'antiquité*.

Mr. Quennell too has this *entêtement*: but it takes a different form from that of his romantic predecessors. They were fascinated by majestic ruin as such; they adored '*la délectable mélancolie*' of the great fallen columns lying broken among shrubs, thickets and adders; they waited all night to see it by moonlight, sleeping comfortably in some ruined tower above the sea; they worshipped the grand desolation of Selinunte, that huge destruction above a foundered port. Mr. Quennell felt 'calm and secure' at Selinunte, he saw it as a civilised classical landscape, above a well-mannered sea (which perhaps no longer rolls over ancient drowned streets and houses: did it ever, or was it only in the romantic imagination?).

Mr. Quennell's *entêtement de l'antiquité* is reconstructive and evocative; he conjures up the past; the lovely city of Akragas, for instance, which must have been almost as fine a city of pleasure as Sybaris; he tends to dwell on ancient magnificence rather than on present ruin. As Forbin did at Taormina, he peoples the Segesta theatre with the actors who once spoke from its stage. In his appreciation of the majestic sites chosen for Greek theatres, he omits, however, the fantastic vision, which so excited Forbin, of Euripides being played on the Taormina stage with Etna in full vomit behind it, lava rushing down to the shore, the volcanic flames lighting the theatre, the convulsions of nature matching with the convulsive passions on the stage—matinées, in fact, of the utmost excitement. With the painter's sense of colour, Mr. Quennell describes the hues of distant Etna with lovely precision; that insufferably disagreeable mountain should always be seen from a distance; it was fortunately under snow when Mr. Quennell might otherwise have ascended it. The sensitive exactitude of his descriptions of all he saw gives great pleasure; flowers, birds, reptiles, landscape, sculpture, pictures. But he is, since he is highly urbane and civilised, at his best among architecture and cities and those who built and enjoyed them—the baroque Noto; Norman, Arab and Byzantine Palermo; the Capella Palatina; the Zisa; the Emperor Frederick, *Stupor Mundi*; the sumptuous Chinese fête thrown by their Sicilian majesties at the Favorita for Nelson and Lady Hamilton. The book roves about the centuries; it is certainly not a systematic guide book; rather a happy, scholarly and imaginative jumble of lovely and unlooked-for oddments. It need not be said that the writing throughout has beauty, precision and wit.

ROSE MACAULAY



Sixth-century Sicilian terracotta: fragment of a votive offering
From 'Spring in Sicily'

Mr. Driberg assures us that the author is 'no communist', and the tone of the book confirms his statement. Nevertheless, the Malan Administration has successively 'named' Mr. Sachs a communist, denied him a passport to attend an I.L.O. Conference at Geneva, deprived him of the manuscript of the book under review for a time, seized thousands of copies of it in the Customs office for no cause shown, and, finally, ordered him to resign his trade union office and not leave the Transvaal for two years. It is good to know that Mr. Sachs did reach Geneva and that his book is on sale in South Africa as freely as elsewhere.

As an urban Transvaaler, the author tends to ignore or underrate the significance of much that has been done on the right lines elsewhere or by others. This is notably true of his treatment of the old Cape Colony, and also of his minimising of the achievements of Liberals, British and South African, who dominated that parent Colony from at least 1828 onwards. Again, surely the author was thinking too exclusively of the Transvaal and Orange Free State when he wrote that the South African political structure had been based on imperialism, paternalism and fascism relieved only by 'patches of democracy here and there'. The Old Colony, the largest, most firmly settled and populous of all parts of the Union, can hardly be described as a 'patch', or its liberal policies and non-racial franchise be denied the title of democratic for their day. Both were older than the independent Transvaal or even the first Cape Parliament of the eighteen-fifties, and both survived them to be destroyed in 1936 by the Free State Nationalist, General Hertzog, and the Transvaaler, General Smuts. At the risk of appearing pernicious, it must be suggested that

Mr. Sachs over-estimates the tolerant spirit of the seventeenth-century Huguenot immigrants and the nobility of the early Victorian frontier Trekkers who admittedly cleared out of the Cape Colony to win freedom for themselves, but also freedom to impose the colour bar on all who were not white *Christenmense*. He further exaggerates the 'most terrible persecution' of South Africa's Indians, thousands of whom, having had their passages to Step Mother India paid by Union taxpayers, have hurried back rather than endure the treatment meted out to them as Untouchables by caste Hindus.

Nevertheless, though the book begins somewhat shakily, it finds its feet and becomes steadily more interesting as the author gets on to ground he really knows. Mr. Sachs hits nails squarely on the head when he says that there is nothing unique about South Africa's problems, and that white civilisation has come to mean, for very many, white domination. The account given of the genesis of Dr. Malan's Nationalism is good and fair, though the author should have made it clear that not all Afrikaans-speaking folk are Nationalists nor English-speaking Liberals, and still more that some of the stoutest South African Liberals have been Western Cape Afrikaners.

Towards the United Party, the present Opposition, Mr. Sachs is fair, though he can say little for it beyond the fact that it is defending the remains of the Cape Coloured franchise against Nationalist attack. Towards the Liberals of all colours, who are numerous though dispersed, he is ungenerous, but on the Labour men he is much fuller and more informing. As for the Churches, he shows that all are liberal and many outspoken with the sole exception of the bulk of the Dutch Reformed Churches. It is a short step from religion to the law, and here, once more, Mr. Sachs speaks out, especially against 'law and lawlessness' embodied in the spate of Nationalist legislation, which gives 'the Minister' far too much discretionary power unchecked by the Courts. He praises the Bench, which has all along been far the soundest limb of the South African Leviathan and a present help to him in his frequent and usually successful clashes with Nationalist authority, official and

Mr. Sachs and South Africa

The Choice before South Africa. By E. S. Sachs.

Turnstile Press. 15s.

IT IS INTERESTING to read a familiar story retold from an unaccustomed angle, in this case the history and current politics of South Africa from the point of view of an energetic, liberal-minded Johannesburg Jew who has long been General Secretary of the powerful Garment Workers Union. Mr. Tom Driberg can justly claim in the Preface that Mr. Sachs has done more than most to build up a genuine non-racial trade unionism in that heterogeneous land. Far too much, indeed, from the point of view of the totalitarian present-day rulers of his country.

unofficial. Overseas readers can imagine for themselves how much an independent and incorruptible judiciary means to the majority of folk in a country most of which, in the author's words, 'has always lacked the basic principles of true representative government'.

The last section of the book, on 'Economic Life and Trade Unions and the Labour Movement', is by far the best. Backed by excellent statistical tables, the author shows how low *per caput* production is, how fast urban population and secondary industries are growing, and how disastrous is the widespread reliance on 'migratory' Bantu labour. Besides welcome thumbnail sketches of prominent Labour leaders he gives a too little-known picture of the present-day South African trade union movement, showing how many of its members are Afrikaners and many of its most devoted and non-racial leaders Afrikaner women, nearly all from the countryside. This section ends with a lively account of the attempts of Nationalist politicians, journalists, mobs and Dutch Reformed ministers to 'whitewash' or smash such trade unions as are not under their own control.

Few liberal-minded people will quarrel with the author's conclusions that the white folk must help the non-Europeans if only because they will thereby be helping themselves; and that one hope at least of getting rid of Malan's Nationalists is to build up a strong and non-racial Labour Party. If it be truly non-racial, even a Liberal reviewer may be permitted to wish the South African Labour Party godspeed in its high endeavour.

ERIC A. WALKER

'Waiting on the Lord'

My Irish Journal 1669-1670. By William Penn.

Edited by Isabel Grubb. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

IN 1660, WHEN KING AND LORDS AND BISHOPS returned to England after their long extrusion, what—if any—were the permanent results of that violent and turbid interlude 'The Great Rebellion'? There was an extraordinary change in intellectual climate—the kind of thoughts which men had thought before 1640 were no longer thinkable after 1660—but in the tangible world there was in fact very little. The Great Rebellion seemed itself to have foundered together with the old world which it had destroyed. Only two achievements survived its collapse. One was material—the 'Cromwellian' settlement of Ireland; the other was a new spiritual movement whose success was the more miraculous because (unlike most missionary triumphs) it corresponded with no economic expansion: Quakerism. These two historical movements came briefly together in the person of the second founder of Quakerism, William Penn.

How had Quakerism come to Ireland? The connection was not entirely accidental. Quakerism, in its earliest form, was but another variant of the radical 'Anabaptist' heresies which flourished among the soldiers of Cromwell's armies, and nowhere were those soldiers so radical, so isolated, so prone to religious mysticism, as in the garrisons of conquered Ireland, surrounded by the barbarous, foreign, and resentful natives. When the first Quaker missionaries arrived in Ireland, they therefore soon found ready hearers—not, of course, among the Irish (who remained obstinately sunk in paganism and popery), but among the English soldiers. Then, in 1660, came the Restoration. In England this meant the overthrow of the new military aristocracy. In Ireland, where the struggle between English and Irish took priority over the struggle between republican and royalist, it did not. The new English landlords, the new English small-holders, remained entrenched in their gains. Among the landlords was Cromwell's Admiral, Sir William Penn, lord of 12,000 acres in County Cork; among the small-holders were many who had been infected by the new and as yet still largely proletarian doctrines of Quakerism. Between the two, William Penn, the Admiral's son, was the intermediary. It was he who, by his sincerity and social status, bridged the great gap in society and made Quakerism, what it had never been before, respectable; and it was in Ireland that he first did it.

For this reason Penn's *Irish Journal*, though in itself a bare document, is of historical interest. It covers one year only, beginning in September 1669, when Penn, who had first been converted to Quakerism in Cork, by Thomas Loe, in 1667, returned to Ireland not (as was once supposed) as a 'banishment', nor in the Quaker interest (although Quaker friends accompanied him and he spent much time working on behalf of Anglo-Irish Quakers), but to manage the complicated business

of his father's estates. Defective or contested titles and competing new tenants—mostly English—provided him with many problems; but the future proprietor of Pennsylvania was capable of dealing with such matters in a business-like way, leaving plenty of time for religious controversy and 'waiting on the Lord'. His social position also enabled him to wait on other Lords, which was a great help, as when some Quakers were maltreated by the Mayor of Cork ('a wicked Mayor nor Judge has not been in the City of Cork since Truth came'). Lord Shannon, Lord Orrery (who had nearly made Cromwell king), the Lord Chancellor and Archbishop of Armagh—all members of the great Boyle dynasty—how could less exalted persecutors prevail against such support? Intervening for Quakers, dining with peeresses, and bargaining with tenants—these occupations (and occasional disputes at table with 'Priest Mascall') seem to have kept Penn busy until the end of June 1670 when the diary ends. A month later he returned to England, and did not revisit Ireland for nearly thirty years. Nevertheless, this early visit was not fruitless. Not only did Penn's Irish estates continue to yield a solid income to their absentee proprietor, but some of the Anglo-Irish Quakers whom he had discovered there played a part in his later colonial projects.

Penn's Irish Diary is not entirely new. It was known to Joseph Besse who wrote a brief account of Penn in his edition of Penn's works in 1726; and although it then remained unnoticed in the hands of Penn's descendants until this century, when it was sold in America, it has twice been transcribed and published; but these transcripts are so rare and inaccessible that this new edition, admirably edited, will be welcomed by scholars as a valuable addition to Quaker literature.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

The Chapel of Kings

The Windows of King's College Chapel: Notes on their history and design. By Kenneth Harrison. Cambridge. 10s. 6d.

KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, whatever our reactions to it, is an incomparable building. There is nothing like it in Christendom or in the world. It triumphs through three mediums: stone, glass, wood, and in the presence of that sumptuous trinity criticism is often dumb. Overwhelmed by the greatness of the enterprise and by its smashing success, the visitor sinks on to a rush-bottomed chair and gapes. Here is colour and form and atmosphere. Here perhaps are sounds. Later on other feelings may supervene: something may seem missing for the very reason that so much is present: a small imperfect country-church may hint at possibilities ignored by this proud Tudor corridor. A royal saint may have begun the chapel, but it was Henry VII and his executors and Henry VIII who did most of the work; they have the big word, it is their voice that reverberates from the fan-vaulting and pours over the lawn when the west door opens. And the visitor starts thinking.

Mr. Kenneth Harrison's book will help him to think. It is a scholarly, factual work, dry and sometimes sarcastic in tone. Its aims are precise and scientific. It sets out to dissect the second member of the sumptuous trinity, namely the glass. The stonework of the chapel is gothic, the woodwork high renaissance. The glass (1515-1531) comes between them in date, and, apart from its beauty and rarity, it presents fascinating problems to the antiquarian and the technician. Who were the glaziers? Barnard Flower, Galyon Hone, Thomas Reve and some others is the answer—an answer requiring elaboration. How far can we distinguish between their styles? Who provided the designs? Dirik Vellert probably. Can the 'Messengers', the great figures occupying the central lights, be classified and dated, and does one of them represent Erasmus? And Mr. Harrison also discusses a more general question: why was this new Flemish style—then almost unknown in England—selected for a gothic building? The painted figures sprawl and swirl, they thrust their arms across transoms and batter their stubby fingers and towls heads; only occasionally—as in the exquisite elongated Tobias and the Angel—do they consent to accommodate themselves to their narrow perpendicular frames. The more one looks at them the more bizarre and restless they appear, and, except in the magnificent East Window, where a noble design has room to expand, they do not seem to be at home. The sunlight that streams through them on a winter's afternoon and flecks the vast interior with glory, borrows nothing from them in the way of harmony.



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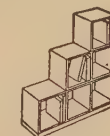
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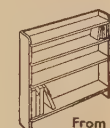
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The windows were indeed an innovation. Mr. Harrison ascribes the experiment to Richard Foxe, Bishop of Winchester, one of the executors of Henry VII, who was in close touch with the new humanism. He discusses Foxe's career, and also the career of another executor, Cardinal Fisher, who may have been directing the work at the end of the period. Fisher fell into disgrace over Catherine of Aragon's divorce, and that may be why the West Window was never glazed—never glazed, that is to say, until the nineteenth century. Mr. Harrison, who was at one time Dean of the College, knows his material thoroughly. He does not offer us a guide to the glass: that has been provided by the late M. R. James. Nor does he rhapsodise; that too has been done. He is concerned to raise certain questions which an expert can discuss with him and which may start the visitor thinking. A cheerful irreverence lends spice to his erudition: for instance in Window 12 'the drawing is feeble: observe the sunken syphilitic noses, which do not argue a good acquaintance with perspective'. Or in Window 15 'We know how Joseph's brethren detested him, and with good reason, yet as they lower him into the pit their faces register an emotion scarcely more profound than distestment'. Again and again he wakes us up; he makes us look for ourselves.

Even if one fails to adore King's College Chapel, even if one finds it lacking in the numinous, one has no doubts as to its greatness. It is one of the great buildings of the world, and it is unique. If it perished, no millionaire and no government could replace it. It has survived for about 500 years. It is menaced now not merely by possible enemy action, but by the friendly air-fields surrounding it. Aircraft, some of them at low altitudes, fly over the unfortunate Cambridge area night and day.

E. M. FORSTER

The Soviet Union and Peace

Soviet Documents on Foreign Policy

Edited by Jane Degras. Volume II, 1925-1932.

Oxford. 45s.

IT WOULD BE WELL IF THIS VOLUME, its predecessor, and, no doubt, its forthcoming successor, were made compulsory reading for all officials, commentators, and publicists who play any part in formulating or influencing policy towards the Soviet Union, or in assessing Soviet policy itself. However unremitting the effort of the policy-maker or the critic to keep in his mind the long-term aims of his own and other countries' policies, he inevitably becomes in greater or in less degree absorbed in the *minutiae* and tactics of current discussions and negotiations, and this necessary absorption may obscure the grand strategical objects that the policy should be designed to serve. This second volume of Soviet documents, even more than the first, reveals to the general reader and re-emphasises for the expert the major aims of Soviet strategy and the assumptions on which it is based, while at the same time sharply illustrating the flexibility of the tactics within that strategy.

In December 1927 Stalin's report to the Fifteenth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party quoted from Lenin, '... our work of construction will depend a great deal on whether we succeed in postponing war with the capitalist world, a war which is inevitable, but which may be delayed either until the proletarian revolution starts in Europe, or until the colonial revolution is fully mature, or, finally, until the capitalists fight each other for the sharing of colonies' (page 289). Similarly, the temporary "peaceful coexistence" between the land of the Soviets and the capitalist lands' (page 69) in the period covered by these documents is referred to more than once, and the peculiar reasons for it are analysed—the weakness of the capitalist world due to the antagonisms within it, and the increasing strength of the workers' movement and of the Soviet Union. Further evidence of this Soviet prognosis of certain conflict is afforded by the pathological fear and suspicion with which the Soviet Government treated every international event or initiative (whether it was the Chinese raid on the Soviet Embassy in Peking or the assassination of the Soviet Ambassador to Poland or the Paris Conference ending in the signing of the Kellogg Pact) as moves in the capitalist attempt—mainly English-inspired—to unite in an attack on the U.S.S.R. Soviet policy in the face of this certainty and this fear was to build up Soviet strength, to encourage divisions among the

capitalist powers and thereby, with the addition of 'paper guarantees' in the form of non-aggression pacts with her neighbours, to ward off the onslaught on herself while her power was weak relative to that of her enemies.

By the evidence of these documents, then, the statesman dealing with the Soviet Union has three tasks to perform if he wishes to preserve peace, each made more difficult by the others: he must strive to break down the Soviet conviction that all capitalists long to destroy the U.S.S.R., and are willing to make war to do it if only they can muster sufficient resources and unity for the task; he must build up sufficient military strength to prevent the Soviets believing their power to be overwhelming, and therefore being encouraged to destroy some or all of their enemies; he must finally—and perhaps most important—attempt to estimate when the Soviets judge the balance of strength to be weighted against themselves, for then they will again desire a 'period of respite' of 'peaceful coexistence', and will be willing to make limited concessions to obtain it. Only a prolonged period of peace and prosperity in the conditions created by achievement of the second two tasks could make achievement of the first likely: only achievement of the first can make genuine and lasting peace with the Soviets possible.

The selection of documents in this second volume gives a rather less satisfying sense of range than in the first. Hardly more than one-fifth of the volume, for instance, is devoted to the years 1930-32, and there are consequently only few documents on Soviet-German relations in those years, or on the Soviet attitude to the Manchurian crisis. On the other hand, perhaps a disproportionate amount of space is given to quotation *in extenso* of several agreements with Afghanistan, Persia, and Turkey dealing with frontier regulations. Once again, as in the previous volume, occasional extracts are given from Command Papers and House of Commons Debates which are readily available and are therefore out of place in a collection which cannot hope to be complete or to provide a continuous story. Nevertheless these are small blemishes on an undertaking which Mrs. Degras is handling with care and skill, and which, in providing easy access in English to documents not easily obtainable outside London, is of great value to the student and of considerable importance to everyone who wishes to estimate what are the policies best designed for maintaining peace.

P. A. REYNOLDS

Of Lice and Men

Fleas, Flukes and Cuckoos

By Miriam Rothschild and Theresa Clay. Collins. 21s.

A DISTURBING OBSERVATION as early as page 54 (to the effect that some 500 species of parasite have been discovered on Man alone) makes it impossible even for the keenest birdwatcher to review this brilliant study in avian parasitology with anything approaching objectivity. One's pen ceases to scratch busy scientific notes; and one begins, as busily and scientifically, to scratch oneself.

It is cheering, of course, to learn that a parasite experiences enormous difficulty in finding a congenial 'host': that billions of young roundworms, for example, wriggle up heather-sprigs all over Scotland and die because their particular plant is never eaten by a grouse. But set against this the fact that, precisely because of such high mortality, the intestinal worm has developed reproductive organs capable of laying eggs by the milliard. Uneasiness is come again!

Cold comfort to be told that a well-lodged male parasite is hard put to it to find a wife—

Consider the position of two bloodflukes which by the greatest possible good fortune penetrate into the veins of the same duck...

—if we know that, once the two have met in the heaving darkness of a duck's innards, they rarely, if ever, part. The male fluke has a flap of skin on his belly in which he permanently envelops the female. Newly-wed sparrow-flukes 'settle down, as permanently, in a cyst whose formation they induce on the host's tissue. Worse! The mere difficulty of finding a partner has made some species hermaphrodite:

Marital worries are unknown as far as tapeworms are concerned, for they can produce millions of offspring in complete peace and solitude. Is it pleasanter, one wonders, to be a tapeworm and grow peacefully to 'the length of a cricket pitch in a filmstar's stomach'—or, like

the even better-favoured ticks and nematodes, to indulge so effortlessly in parthenogenesis that the males of the species have died out altogether. Is the joy of discovering that tiny blood-bags called Copepoda can attach themselves only to fish, outweighed by the nightmare of knowing that the pig-louse can attach himself not only to a pig but to you or me? 'There is an obvious resemblance', say the authors shatteringly, 'between the near naked skin of the domesticated pig and man'. 'Obvious, my foot!' you retort. But, reader, look at your foot.

The layman will turn more pleasurably but with no less fascination to the sheer poetry of parasitism in general: to the carmine bee-eater, who rides on ostriches and bustards; to the ruby-throated humming-bird, who migrates north across America and Canada as different red flowers open in succession; to the oxpeckers who, if alarmed when de-lousing a giraffe, slip rapidly down its long neck 'like a rat or a mouse . . . and finally come to earth by way of its legs'. Even the copepodic blood-bags are young once, and then dash romantically about the water twitching their 'antennules' and 'swimmerets'.

The authors are so modest about the accuracy of their claims that one might think there actually existed reviewers who knew enough to refute them. Nevertheless, the yellow wagtail is not a 'resident British bird', but a summer visitor. Nor is it correct, I think, to say that the female cuckoo 'does not cuckoo at all'. Hens have occasionally been heard uttering the 'cuckoo' call as well as the more familiar female 'bubble'. And is it really true that the manner in which the hen cuckoo deposits her egg is still a matter of 'acute' controversy? Surely the great E. P. Chance proved, as nearly as these things can be proved, that the egg was never deposited from the beak. An inevitable second edition will enable the authors to adjust such minor confusions and, perhaps, re-jig a maddening index compiled on the principle of entering 'Tit' under T and 'Blue Tit' under B without fully cross-referencing the particular species under the general entry.

Meanwhile, with a final prayer for the safety of our own skin, we may congratulate the authors on having so enthrallingly given the lie to Dr. Johnson's: 'Sir, there is no settling the point of precedence between a louse and a flea'. After digesting not only the book but its eloquent micro-photographs, I will settle for a flea any day.

PAUL DEHN

High Art and Best Society

Victorian Olympus. By William Gaunt. Cape. 15s.

'GENTLEMEN', SAID SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, with what Mr. Gaunt describes as courteous distaste, 'you will excuse me, I feel sure. I have placed their titles and prices upon the canvases I am willing to sell. When you have made your selection perhaps you will kindly ring the bell and my servant will acquaint me with your decision. I wish you a very good morning'. The gentlemen were dealers. They wished to discuss the deal. 'I never enter into discussion about my pictures with gentlemen like yourselves. I have given you my terms—that is enough'.

The scene is the quintessence of the Victorian Olympus. The door closes, and Zeus departs, a cold plaster Zeus with no zest for Danae or Europas in the round. High Art is upheld, but the dealers' cheques will follow and be paid into the divine banking account. The apotheosis

of self-satisfaction, national and individual, the two merged into one. Or change to another tableau. Laurence Alma-Tadema, a jolly little Anglo-Dutch object, has also been knighted by his Queen. He is given a banquet at the Whitehall Rooms. The Academicians and the distinguished men of London join in the chorus of the 'Carmen Tademare' written by Comyns Carr, critic, poet and playwright:

Who knows him well he best can tell
That a stouter friend hath no man
Than this lusty knight who for our
delight
Hath painted Greek and Roman.
Then let every citizen
Who holds a brush or wields a pen
Drink deep as his Zuyder Zee
To Alma-Tad—Of the Royal Acad—
Of the Royal Acadamee.



Female biting midge (*Culicoides obsoletus*)

Micro-photograph by Arthur L. E. Barron from 'Fleas, Flukes and Cuckoos'

Sphinx and of Egyptian statues fifty feet high, at reproductions of a house in Pompeii and of the Alhambra, at copies of the most notable Italian paintings, 'daubs worthy of a country fair'. Outside again, megatheriums, deinotheriums, life-size, and above them Frederic-Leighton-to-be—no, it is Blondin—doing his tricks at a hundred feet.

A Greek, says Taine primly, would not have regarded this spectacle with satisfaction; 'he would have considered it appropriate to powerful barbarians who trying to become refined, had utterly failed'. What else, indeed, are most of the Leightons, Poynters, Alma-Tademas, yes, and the paintings by the Signor G. F. Watts, O.M., all Blondins at the top of the tree, but the plaster contents of the Crystal Palace flattened and concentrated to the picture plane?

Mr. Gaunt rather thinks so than says so plainly. Zeus-Leighton is the principal actor of his book, intimidating still in his poise, charm, knowledge, aloofness, and success; yet if only we were honest about him, a monstrous parasite inside the arts, a talent so small and so well organised and so inflated, wearing the master's velvet and the politician's pin-stripe. As though Zeus might suddenly reappear with a crack of Lyceum thunder and address him as he addressed the art dealers, and shrivel him up and poke him into a mousehole. Mr. Gaunt treats him and all of his Olympians with almost a wistful respect, an irony almost too mild to have the name. Understandable because an overgrowth of the ego, so morbid, so gigantic, does induce awe, is so correct a miracle of faking, so Olympian, so evanescent. Henry James took Leighton and Browning for Lord Mellifont and Clare Vawdrey in 'The Private Life'—Lord Mellifont having all public life and no private one, Vawdrey 'all private and no corresponding public life'. But Mr. Gaunt reproves James for not explaining the enigma of Mellifont or Leighton without grappling it himself, or grappling and explaining that side of Victorian existence of which Leighton was so immensely the symbol, like one layer of plaster on another.

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METHUEN

Lies of a super-journalism, Leighton's pictures, as Baudelaire said of the different productions of Antoine Wiertz (with whom Leighton had once been friendly), were for imitators and counterfeiters with a collective mind; or else for society women, headmasters and Cabinet ministers. Did Zeus and his lesser deities have moments even of scepticism about themselves? Mr. Gaunt does not answer. Zeus-Leighton's last words, as we all know, were 'Give my love to the Academy'. No under-whisper, not of *Déjà les flammes*, but *Déjà les caveaux de Chantrey*.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

Second Instalments

Wrack at Tidesend. By Osbert Sitwell. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

Europa and the Bull. By W. R. Rodgers.

Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.

ADMIRERS OF SIR OSBERT SITWELL and Mr. Rodgers have had to wait some time for these volumes. Mr. Rodgers has lived since 1941—and lived very well—on the reputation of his first collection, *Awake! and Other Poems*. Sir Osbert's new book is the second of three projected volumes of poetic portraits of which the first, *England Reclaimed*, appeared in 1927.

Some things can be said against Sir Osbert as a poet. A sense of unsuitability haunts the reader of his leisurely diction when it is arranged in the lines of a poem, and the heavy phrase has not always a satirical or humorous purpose. Nor, when he does go for a poetic effect, can he always find more than a poetical but ineffective word or image ('the first coltsfoot mirrored the sun like a star'). Some things can be said, too, against this particular collection of 'portraits'—the characters of an English seaside resort at the beginning of the century. The plots of many of the poems are short-story plots of a recognisable English genre. This tends to prevent them from rising to the level, say, sometimes attained by the *Spoon River Anthology*, which was another group of 'portraits'. Nor is Sir Osbert's attitude really sharp enough for the very short pieces to make the impact, for example, of Pound's poems in a not dissimilar style.

I have passed these strictures so as to try to place *Wrack at Tidesend* in a true perspective, for within the limits I have indicated it is enormously successful. It contains close on a hundred poems and all are highly readable and enjoyable; the period and characters are recreated with admirable clarity; and there are, of course, many passages where diction and image could hardly be bettered. Sir Osbert's confessed purpose was to present his figures without comment, with little more satiric light than their place and time—Scarborough, before two bombardments—would naturally throw. This restraint and neutrality does by the end of the book succeed in making an effect far deeper than that of the individual poems, and one becomes moved by the vision of these trivial people keeping at bay, contrasted with, such irrational realities as death and the D.T.s, paralleled by the relation of the resort itself to the irrational realities of the sea:

She could be seen on winter afternoons,
Her hair the colour of wood shavings,
Crushed under a flat black hat,
Watching the great display below of breakers
Pounding in pointless thunder on the shore. . . .
(Mrs. Nicodeme).

and

she tottered down to the Winter Gardens,
Glancing respectfully at those more wealthy,
Spitefully at those less rich than she,
Giggling enormously, viciously, without joy
Under the greedy tearings of the seagulls,
Against the gigantic force and rhythm of the sea. . . .
(Felicity Crudeman).

It seems to me that the question raised by Mr. Rodgers' poems is whether their content merits their exuberant display of language and technique. At his best Mr. Rodgers discovers excellent images (the airman, for instance, who 'knows the smooth handrail of flight', rooks 'dying and settling like tea-leaves over the trees', and haycarts leaving 'the rough hedge-checks long-strawed and streaked with their weeping') and can, as in the title poem, sustain with dash and confidence long

flights of narrative or rhetoric. Some passages in that poem particularly do bring off impressively a manner as grand as any to be found today:

the swan comes forward, in advance
Bearing its belying tray of effusive plumes,
Yer backward rears its head and huffs its glance
As if it fended off its offering that presumes:
Swollen with slowness and undertowed by longing
It grows on the water, close, thundery, and thronging,
Till suddenly beside us, without fuss,
Immense it blossoms like a cumulus . . .

But at its worst Mr. Rodgers' style becomes a parody of Hopkins ('O what a hiccupping belly of bullying light'), none the better for being deliberate, studded with atrocious puns that out-frizzle Fry ('the bud-room', 'next-of-skin'). The most interesting of these poems have been extant in periodicals and anthologies for some time: some of the more recent have been written for broadcasting, a purpose for which their designed regular prodding of the dozing attention is well suited:

Remember the Pyrenees, with their hundred double-chins,
Remember Soure, the sheep bells on the road,
And the panniered donkeys . . . O
Remember the people so kind: remember the night you got blind
On Pernod?

Whether the latter can stand serious reading is another matter.

I would guess that Mr. Rodgers experienced difficulty in compiling this volume. It would have been hard enough to follow up successfully the *tour de force* of his first, but to persevere with Hopkins, to write mythological set pieces (Pan and Syrinx, Apollo and Daphne, as well as the title poem), to include B.B.C. occasionals, was surely to make things much harder.

ROY FULLER

Rewarding Footpaths

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'ANALYTIC INSIGHT INTO the tangle of human affairs coupled with a consciousness of his own limitation is the mark of the real historian', writes Professor Namier in the essay on history which opens this latest volume of collected papers previously published in scattered periodicals. That mark is evident throughout these stimulating essays, good writing at its best, rich in their content. They display the characteristics of all Professor Namier's work: his lucidity, his concentrated common-sense, his concern with fundamentals, his desire for intellectual honesty. 'Limitation and selection are essential in the historian's craft. . . what matters in history is the great outline and the significant detail; what must be avoided is the deadly morass of irrelevant narrative'. Or again, 'the foremost task of honest history is to discredit and drive out its futile or dishonest varieties', a task exemplified here in a ruthless examination of the *Memoirs* of Von Kuhlmann, which reveals those things most obnoxious to Professor Namier—inaccuracy in matters great and small, slovenly workmanship, and an innate disregard of truth.

First, the subject and functions of History are explained by a master of the craft. 'The historical approach is intellectually humble; the aim is to comprehend situations, to study trends, to discover how things work: and the crowning attainment of historical study is a historical sense—an intuitive understanding of how things do not happen (how they did happen is a matter of specific knowledge)'. The aim of sound historical education 'must be to wean men from expecting automatic repetition and from juggling with uncorrelated precedents and analogies; they must be trained to fit things into long-range historical processes, and not to think in isolated word-concepts, working in a void: for it is possible to believe anything so long as the question is not asked how it could come to be, or how it could work'.

Next, a number of essays illuminate topics of nineteenth-century European history, particularly 1848, 'Seed Plot of History' (a subject which Professor Namier has reinterpreted at length elsewhere), and the problem of Germany, which has inspired much of his most heart-felt writing. There follows a section on British history, ranging from Elizabethan Parliaments, through George III and Lord Bute, the West Indies, Palmerston, and *The Times* newspaper, to the closing essays

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on three contemporaries (Josiah Wedgwood, Wyndham Deedes, Orde Wingate), and the General Elections of 1945 and 1950. These contain invaluable trenchant comment on another Namier special subject, the growth of party and of Cabinet, and a striking defence of the inestimable value of rotten and pocket boroughs in the development of the British Parliament and the making of the nation. These boroughs formed a reserve of parliamentary seats at the disposal of the strong and of the interested; of the magnates while dominant in the country, of the Court or Crown or Executive, of economic and financial interests as they entered into the balance of forces. By enabling men in search of parliamentary seats to roam up and down the country, the rotten boroughs helped to unify it politically; they opened the door to men of ability and application needed in the House, but, because of lack of standing, wealth, or of such personal qualities as appeal to an electorate, were not suited to the test of a free election. 'In short, these boroughs discharged essential functions now taken over by the party organisations; and they prepared the ground for the party system'.

Is it too much to hope, now that Professor Namier has returned to the history of parliament, whose eighteenth-century reading he revolutionised, that the qualities revealed in these papers may find their real scope in the publication of the Ford lectures on the Cabinet, and further volumes of *England in the Age of the American Revolution*, which only he can give us?

ERIC ROBSON

A Man in Society

Social Psychology. By W. J. H. Sprott. Methuen. 20s.

ANYONE IN ENGLAND today who sets out to write a book on social psychology may find it hard to choose its contents, visualise its readers and decide upon its style. From America there proceeds a steady stream of such volumes, all bigger and some better than our own. English students value the excellent treatises by Otto Kleinberg and Krech and Crutchfield. It has been said—in America—that until recently, its sociologists and social psychologists resembled engineering teams busily tunnelling at right angles in different mountains. Here today sociologists, social psychologists and anthropologists are sympathetically aware of each other's work, as the establishment of the British Sociological Association has demonstrated, so the present book is trebly welcomed.

I read the pages with pleasure and much profit, though with regret that so many things which make life amusing, jolly and puzzling in this country, where Russell, Samuel, Churchill, Munnings and Beaverbrook find it fun to live, are not discussed. In the past, philosophers and political scientists have produced much psychological fodder, yet the sheep—perhaps they were not hungry—looked up in another direction. Now we have an account of psychology as seen by a sociable social philosopher who lives in a busy town. Unlike some thinkers, he realises that psychoanalysts, culture-patternists, opinion-pollers, topologists and sociometrists, however comic their terminology may sound, cannot be laughed off or ignored by those who still wish to have an undisturbed discussion of the views held in ancient Greece and Rome. Striking a bold, original note for a social psychologist, he reminds the reader of what Marx and Engels actually wrote.

The style is informal, but for that reason the book is not always easy to read. Moreover, the author occasionally sets himself a tough assignment, as in his attempted outline of the ideas on the development of the Self put forward forty-eight years ago by G. H. Mead. These views have not received the attention they deserve. May this be partly because Mead succumbed to an industrial disease of philosophers, the tendency to regard as an axiom that dubious postulate 'language is essential to thought'? Professor Sprott refers to Professor Ryle's 'volcanic eruption' in *The Concept of Mind* without indicating if it turned up enough fertile soil to encourage the social psychologist.

The book deals well with the scope of social psychology, groups and situations, leadership, public opinion, culture and personality, but gives little attention to aspects of that central fact of social psychology, human communications of various kinds. There is very little about speaking. Conversation, a pleasure craved by friendly people, gets an amused and sceptical reference to an American who, roaming Oxford and Regent Streets twenty-five years ago, reported overheard communications between men and women. Today, a great deal of con-

versation is about conversations heard on the radio—and it is curious that in this book there is no direct discussion of the role of radio in modern society. Consideration of etiquette, manners, wit, humour and the goodwill which can be seen all around us, have been omitted—to appear, we hope, in Part II, which Professor Sprott is so well equipped to write.

In a most useful section, 'Society and Intelligence', he cheerfully and calmly 'enters upon a battlefield. The "nature-nurture" controversy looms up, class prejudice makes itself felt, and the trained war horses of educational psychology paw the ground. . . . What we are interested in is the part played by the social environment'. He agrees with Sir Cyril Burt that intelligence is essentially a dispositional property, not a substantial 'entity'. There follows an up-to-date account of the researches and the issues they raise, e.g. the difficulty of comparing results from different cultures, and in the same region, different social classes and dwellers in town and country. 'Innate ability . . . must have experience for it to manifest itself, but how can we tell whether the experiences with which it has been presented have allowed it to develop to its fullest capacity? You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but can you be certain that any given piece of material came from the ear of a sow?'

More space might profitably have been given to discussing why the results of the recent Scottish enquiry 'are not entirely in accord' with the prediction of the general fall of intelligence, and why some distinguished researchers do not agree with Professor J. M. Blackburn that congestion in the home is unfavourable to performance in intelligence tests of the usual kind. Professor Sprott insists upon a methodological principle: 'we know that environment influences test-performance; we know nothing whatever about innate intellectual equipment. This means that we must first try to explain intellectual difference in terms of environment (save in cases of pathological defect), and only when this fails, have recourse to the "residual category" of innate endowment'.

Professors Gordon W. Allport, Louis Gottschalk and Robert Angell have eloquently urged the greater use of the personal document in psychology, history, anthropology and sociology. Shortage of newsprint, the high cost of producing books, and—may we suggest?—the increasing tendency of publishers to play for safety might account for the fact that such appeals have had little effect in this country. But may it be true that philosophers prefer to make or criticise generalisations about human experience and behaviour and shun the smell of humanity which is inevitable if one studies the individual case? William James wrote eloquently about this, but a long time ago.

Finally, in that desirable second part of the book, we should like to read a social psychologist's views, even his definition, of warfare. Studies of personal aggressiveness in schoolchildren and students are not enough. If in the last war it took fifteen quietly-behaved ground-staff to get one fighting man into the air, if all armies have to support enormous pay-corps, if psychologists who know physical scientists personally find it hard to believe that all their planning, organisation, and application of research is carried out in a white heat of hatred, it is high time to consider all the psychological factors which give rise to modern warfare, cold or hot. It is sometimes hinted that in their study of warfare today, psychologists tend to neglect the contributions of the historian and the economist. There is no reason why they should.

T. H. PEAR

How to Choose Your Child

Child Adoption in the Modern World

By Margaret Kornitzer. Putnam. 16s.

IT MAY COME AS a surprise to many to learn that child adoption in this country was not legally recognised until twenty-five years ago. During the quarter of a century that has elapsed, four Acts of Parliament governing adoption have been passed, and a host of regulations safeguarding the welfare of adopted children have been framed. The number adopted has increased from just under 3,000 in 1926 to over 20,000 in 1946. Adoption has become almost a fashion. There seem to be two main reasons. First, our developing social conscience has made us more and more anxious to do all that is possible for the unwanted child; secondly, there has been, during the last fifty years, a remarkable increase in the number of childless marriages, especially among those who would like children and can afford them.

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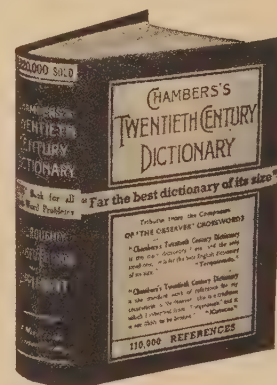
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THE LISTENER

(See crossword No. 1,087)

"Chambers's T.C. Dictionary has been used as the authority for words and definitions."

Margaret Kornitzer is already well known to social workers for her book on *The Modern Woman and Herself*; and her recent activities as press officer for the Standing Conference of Adoption Societies have brought her into close touch with the problems on which she now writes. She gives an admirable history of the practice of adoption both in this country and abroad; and her discussion of the legislative and administrative provisions regulating the whole subject is at once clear and comprehensive. But her main purpose is primarily practical. The aim of adoption is to place a homeless child in a childless home; and Miss Kornitzer seeks first to explain to those who are looking for a child how they can find one and how best to bring it up, and then to tell those who are attempting to discover suitable homes for illegitimate, orphaned, and other unwanted children how to set about their task.

As she points out, guidance is by no means easy, since so little information is available. In this country, even the most meagre statistics are lacking. The tables that she has compiled show that data are available in far greater detail about adopted children and adoptive parents in Australia and the United States than in Great Britain. She might perhaps have gleaned a few suggestive facts from child guidance centres. Their figures appear unquestionably to show that delinquencies and nervous disorders are more common among adopted children than among those brought up by their own parents. From what little is known about success and failure, it would seem that there are two recurrent difficulties. One arises from the frequent discrepancies between the social class of the child and that of the foster parents; the other from the child's reactions when he eventually discovers that his own parents are not his true parents.

On the problem of when, how, and what to tell the adopted child, her advice is excellent. She emphasizes, with many illustrations, the disasters that may ensue when the revelation has been too long deferred. She appropriately quotes Blake's verses:

'Speak, father, speak to your little boy,
Or else I shall be lost'.

Her discussion of the psychological aspects of placement is less satisfactory. Like so many social writers, she confuses psychological issues with psychiatric; and has no difficulty in pointing out the frequency with which mistakes are made when medical advice alone is followed. Among the stories she relates, there is one of 'a boy of five who was a late developer'. As often occurs after a change of home, the child developed a temporary incontinence. The family physician thereupon advised the parents to send him back on the ground that he was subnormal. Miss Kornitzer herself discussed the point with a child psychiatrist, who told her that such statements were unwise without 'a full study of the family history', with special reference to the degree and type of illnesses affecting the various relatives. Had a competent psychologist from a child guidance centre examined and tested the boy, he could have settled the question of subnormality forthwith.

Nowadays the number of persons eager to adopt a child is greatly in excess of the number of children available for adoption. Further, the children come largely from the poorer and least efficient ranks of society; whereas the adoptive fathers are often members of the professional classes or successful business men. The few studies that have been made of cases where adoption has failed indicate that the commonest mistakes in placement occur because the child's innate intelligence and innate temperamental instability have not been assessed in advance. With children during the first year or two of life direct assessments are almost impossible, except in extreme cases of obvious mental deficiency. However, these two qualities tend to be inherited. Hence much can be inferred from the family history. But the record of illness and even of insanity or crime, on which most workers seem to lay such stress, has very little relevance. Perhaps the safest general principle is that of an American investigator: 'a child may well be placed one step up in the social scale, but never more'.

To study the psychological characteristics of the parents is quite as important as studying those of the child; and this fortunately is a far easier matter for a competent officer. On this aspect Miss Kornitzer's recommendations, based as they are on first-hand experience, seem excellent. What she has written therefore should not only be of the greatest assistance to the many childless parents who are wondering whether to adopt a child and what precisely such a step would entail; it also forms a concise and practical handbook for welfare workers and officers of local authorities who are concerned with placing the unwanted child.

CYRIL BURT

A Painter's Friendship

John Constable and the Fishers

By R. B. Beckett. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

WHEN HE COMPOSED his Memoir of his friend John Constable in the 1840s, C. R. Leslie had at his disposal two main stores of documentary material to supplement his own recollections: these were the letters which had passed between himself and his subject during the last ten years of his life, and, if anything more important still, the earlier correspondence between Constable and the Fisher family. For many easily intelligible reasons, Leslie used these materials as a quarry from which to choose and polish what suited his purpose, rather than as a set of sacred documents to be published complete and untouched. Leslie's main intention was naturally enough to present Constable the painter, and many of the letters had but small direct bearing on painting; he also wished to show his friend in as favourable a light as possible, and the letters contained no little sarcasm at the expense of contemporaries. Thus we need hardly be surprised that Leslie's *Life* offers a somewhat partial view of its subject; we should be surprised rather that in a memoir composed by an intimate friend within ten years of Constable's death, so much of the 'grain of his character' should have been preserved, and so many of his asperities have remained 'unsandpapered'.

But I do not, of course, wish to praise Leslie at the expense of the original documents. And with the publication of the present volume we are put in possession of a large proportion of them. With these letters, following Peter Leslie's edition of the Leslie correspondence, Andrew Shirley's work on the Lucas mezzotints and his enlarged edition of Leslie's *Life*, we have what must be the bulk of Constable's work as a letter-writer. But Mr. Beckett's editorial intentions have been more ambitious than merely to establish an authentic text. He has sought to trace the history of Constable's friendship with the Fisher family—more particularly with Archdeacon Fisher—and in his running commentary he has sketched a careful background of family history, so that much new information of a personal interest is revealed. Readers of Leslie know already the close ties of intimacy that linked Constable and John Fisher over a period of about twenty years. The full text of the letters that passed between them does all that we could ask to add edge and detail to our picture of this most satisfactory friendship. Fisher is no longer merely the confidant, adviser and occasional patron, but becomes an equal sharer in the limelight, whose careful, gentle letters from time to time rise above their level of constructive good sense into poetic description or scandalous anecdote. On his side, Constable reveals his gifts, later remarked by the Redgraves, of 'saying the bitterest things in a witty manner', no less than the deeply serious and humble approach to his art with which we are already familiar. And over and above this, we have the satisfaction of observing two individuals, far distinct in upbringing and profession, helping, encouraging and entertaining one another with hardly a hint of those misunderstandings and conflicting egotisms that so often anticipate the grave in bringing to an end such articulate friendships.

If Archdeacon John Fisher's general character and personality were not before this in much doubt, the figure of his uncle, 'the good Bishop' (as Mr. Beckett rather irritatingly persists in calling him), has previously been a shadowy one, and the very full details which we are now given of his career at court and the conservatism of his taste make even more admirable his numerous kindnesses to Constable, who was very far from being an aesthetic conservative or a courtier.

Mr. Beckett has considered his role as that of compère to the correspondence. He has clearly gone to the greatest pains in searching out relevant information, and if at times the reader may feel that so many pages of small type (in which the commentary is printed) may get in the way of the letters themselves, it could hardly be otherwise if his book were to be enabled to stand on its own feet. At a few points Mr. Beckett makes statements of fact or opinion which differ from those previously accepted, but in these cases 'I should like it to be understood', he somewhat magisterially remarks in his *Note*, 'that this is not due to inadvertence'; he goes on to say that limitations of space obliged him to omit the appendix in which these points were to have been discussed. The omission is regrettable, but it cannot be held to detract in any major degree from a satisfactory achievement; and it is only the professional art-historian who may feel that he has been cheated out of his opportunity to argue.

JONATHAN MAYNE

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

Competing with the Cuckoo

TELEVISION THESE FINE LONG EVENINGS equates uneasily with one's sense of the fitness of things. Can it really be that hundreds of thousands of us are sitting at home in front of our sets while the swallows and swifts make their precision flights between 'kindred points of heaven and home', and the sun is still high in the sky? If it is not so (as one far from sneakily hopes), the programme planners have lately wasted some first-class material — 'Struggle against Adversity'; 'Olympic Games, 1952'; Bertrand Russell on being eighty and Lord Beaverbrook on not being Lord Northcliffe; 'On the Farm'; and 'Sales Girl'. All these programmes came on well before the cuckoo had finished for the day.

'Struggle against Adversity', dealing with the conquest of speech defects, was as good an excuse as television can be for staying indoors now. A missionary programme, imparting enlightenment and hope, it owed one half of its success to the presence of Jeanne Heal, with her highly developed gifts of sympathy and tact, and her power of projecting them well beyond the studio. Sufferers from the different speech disorders cited will have been reassured.

Decidedly this programme was worth doing, in spite of

the green enticements of the view from one's window.

The rowing and sculling instalment of 'Olympic Games 1952' was among the best so far in this series of outside transmissions showing our athletes in training for Helsinki. There is some excuse for young viewers (but not for too many of them) forgoing the pleasures of the playing fields to see these pro-



Lord Beaverbrook before the television cameras during his talk on 'The History of The Times, Volume IV, and Lord Northcliffe'



Scene from 'The Rising Twenties', No. 3. 'Sales Girl' Left: the St. Chad's Gospels, seen by viewers in the tour of Lichfield Cathedral on May 23



grammes, which contain much genial stimulus to effort and emulation. As for the international six-day cycle race, several cuckoos called loudly during the eight o'clock session last Saturday evening. Earlier in the day the London Caledonian Games at the White City Stadium had given us more satisfying thrills.

The 'Sales Girl' programme in 'The Rising Twenties' series, presenting some of the realities of chain-store life, was uncommonly effective, owing presumably to its subject having been thoroughly studied before scripting, casting, and rehearsal: how else? So high a level of convincingness is still rare in documentary television and it is comforting to know that it is not beyond reach.

Production competence of the same order did not distinguish the programme called 'Loaded in Britain', which was about the handling of goods at the ports. It lacked both shape and polish. What it did do was to present the facts clearly and prompt new thoughts about the recurring problems of the labour which turns the ships round. Jim O'Hare, speaking for the Liverpool men, stated their

case informatively and fairly. The London representative, a dock labourer, struck home with several good points. 'What we could do with is a few steaks. You can't do a day's work on rock buns'. That, we thought, is the heart of the matter. The docker had spoken. But supposing an offscreen voice had chipped in with: 'How about the Germans, mate?'

'On the Farm', which took us into the Essex countryside, was a chance to ease consciences oppressed by fine-evening television. The opening shots of the home-going carter and his horse encouraged a hope that we should be seeing a succession of restorative scenes like it. In that we were disappointed. The camera's business was ruthlessly practical, concerned with farm workshop, tractor repairs, spraying by helicopter. Still, we were not inattentive. This was a glimpse of a kind of human activity that matters rather more than six-day cycle racing.

'Thin, pale and moribund, like his subject,' So wrote an American critic of Bertrand Russell, visiting lecturer at Columbia University. That was a long time ago. His eightieth birthday appearance, on film, the other evening was one of television's occasions. Probably it will be revived by the posterity about which he himself is in two minds. In Lord Russell, subtlety of ideas is united with simplicity of expression. The serenity of appraisal which he brings now to the affairs of humanity makes it hard to believe that here is a man who once alarmed a government.

Lord Beaverbrook may claim to have unnerved a Cabinet or two in his time, though with another kind of force. His first television appearance, alternating in style between the broad benevolence of the statesman and the agitated fervour of the hot-gospeller, showed an extraordinary vitality of reminiscence. His adulation of Northcliffe was not entirely fair to himself and some of the interpolated newsreel shots were hardly fair to Northcliffe. As the camera slowly faded him from sight he stood with his hands school-boyishly gripping his pocket flaps as if, after his four decades and more of strenuous politics and publicity, he still awaited a wider and more gratifying approval than that of Fleet Street. For

this exceptional performance in his seventy-third year there can be little doubt that he received it.

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

Parts of Speech

'IT SEEMS to have been pretty generally recognised as a dramatic and literary failure from the start'. With that brisk academic verdict before us, we settled down on Sunday night to listen to 'The Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage' (Third), the very early play by Marlowe—and maybe Nashe—based on the fourth book of the *Aeneid*, that nobody has heard upon the stage in our time. Donald McWhinnie, who arranged it and produced, let the verse speak for itself, aided here and there by winds and waves, thunder and crackling flame. And the verse duly spoke with all of Marlowe's sensuous and abounding joy in words. The play glistens and flashes and glows. We do not mind very much what its people are talking about, though, with her springing, probing voice, Pamela Brown, brought for a moment from stage charade to the high regality of Dido, got us to believe in the Queen who saw eternity in a Trojan's look, and who cried, 'He'll make me immortal with a kiss'. (We had heard something like this before.) It was contentment enough to listen to the 'tears of pearl', the 'crystal livery', line upon line that the young Marlowe would re-cast in his later plays: here, in 'Dido', he still experiments within Carthage wall.

Several skilled players brought their imaginations to Marlowe's own: Sebastian Shaw, for example, who was able to fire the long speeches on the fall of Troy and the cruel death of Priam; William Fox, in a phrase or two for Hermes; Deryck Guyler as Achatas. Andrew Cruickshank seemed to me to be over-mouthing Iarbas. But we could not complain too much about a production, relishing and quick, that indeed gave to us store of gold and gum and Libyan spice, 'rich emroider'd coats, and silver whistles to control the winds'. For all this, I feel that, when we think of Dido a week from now, the first words in our memory will come, not from Marlowe's luxuriance, but from a speech of Shakespeare's Lorenzo: 'In such a night Stood Dido with a willow in her hand Upon the wild sea banks. . . .

After a minor Marlowe, a minor Chesterton. Again words, words, words. Again an exuberant relish. This piece, 'The Judgment of Doctor Johnson' (Home) impressed me on the air much as it did at its Arts Theatre revival some years ago. It is an indifferent play, but Chesterton has enjoyed himself vastly with Johnsonian pastiche, and also with a booming from the man himself ('Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel'). Cecil Truncer is, of course, the only Johnson for the rhetoric: he has the old man's majestic growl. James McKechnie, too, discovered the marmoset manner for Boszy, to whom Johnson rumbles at the end, 'This incident will not be found in your book'; and Howieson Culff enlivened John Wilkes.

It was a more satisfying business than 'Power and Glory' (Home), a florid play by Cecilia Hill, about Wolfe at Quebec, that appeared now and again to be on the splinter-edge of inferior blank verse. Only David Markham, bringing to Wolfe the complete honesty that helps his work so much, could reconcile us to the heroics. Mr. Markham did persuade us when he said, in effect, of the Gray's 'Elegy' passage, that he would rather have written those lines than taken Quebec; and the producer (Ayrton Whitaker) managed excellently the sentries' challenges as the British crept up the nighted St. Lawrence.

In 'Just Fancy' (Light), Eric Barker proved

again that he is one of the gayest satirists of radio-variety. He, too, was obsessed by words in this instalment; it has been a week for our parts of speech. Contemplating an Elizabethan outbreak for the new Elizabethan age, Mr. Barker presented a boxing commentary and interview ('Sweet Basher, wilt thou now vouchsafe a modest word . . . ?' etc.) in the proper lingo. We will not protest too strongly that Shaw did this better in *Cashel Byron*. Elsewhere Mr. Barker was cheerfully inventive in the Gilbertian change in status of chorus-girl and officer of the Brigade. It was a swift half-hour. So, too, was the latest spasm of 'The Goon Show' (Home) in which Captain Hornblower pushed himself suddenly into the remarkable naval action of the 'Goonmark', and as suddenly retired. The week has been rich in voices from the past.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Critical Moments

BENJAMIN BRITTEN LAID IT DOWN not long ago that the only proper critic of music is the composer, from which it seems to follow that the only proper critic of literature is the creative writer and, of art, the artist. The theory on the face of it is improbable. The composer, writer or artist is, one would think, far too involved in his own style of self-expression to be able to judge without favouritism or fury when outside his own field. Last week Charles Stuart in 'Composers as Critics' put the theory to a brief test by collecting some criticisms of composers on other composers in the period from Schumann to Britten, and the result, as far as it went, offered little support to Mr. Britten's claim. Schumann disliked Wagner's music, Berlioz couldn't make head or tail of much of it, though he thought the Prelude to 'Lohengrin' a masterpiece. Wagner said that Berlioz had written some perfect things but that most of his music consisted of grimaces. Tchaikovsky took the poorest view of Mussorgsky, Wagner, and Brahms; Stravinsky said that Beethoven couldn't write a melody; Debussy hated Wagner and detested Puccini; Britten hates Puccini. On the other hand Schumann was a warm admirer of Chopin, though he detected a morbid streak in him; Debussy praised Rimsky-Korsakov and, strangely enough, Richard Strauss, and Stravinsky championed Tchaikovsky.

But the general impression that emerged from Mr. Stuart's selection was that the musical sensibility of composers was much more strictly limited than that of most critics. It would be interesting to hear something about artists and creative writers as critics. I recall that Blake dismissed Titian, Correggio, Rubens, and Rembrandt with a comprehensive wave of the hand, but there are some considerable critics among the poets.

Music was discussed again last week in a conversation between Pablo Casals and Ronald Hambleton which was recorded last autumn in Perpignan. Casals is the greatest 'cellist of our time and, I believe, of all time, and in reply to Mr. Hambleton's deftly provocative questions he was extraordinarily interesting on Bach's Suites for unaccompanied 'cello, for whose appalling difficulties he himself has found technical solutions; and I liked his reply to the question how, in Bach's time, performers were able to perform the Suites. 'Bach didn't care about what the performer could do', he said. 'He had something to say and said it and put it in a drawer'.

But the talk was not only of music but of Señor Casals' self-imposed exile from Spain, which he left in 1938 as a protest against the Franco dictatorship. He no longer plays his

'cello in Spain, nor in England and the United States because of their present attitude to the dictatorship. He is not a politician, he said; he cannot persuade people; all he can do is to protest by his silence. 'My music must take second place in these times', he said sadly. He expresses himself in excellent English with the most impressive simplicity and precision, and I was left with the impression that I had been listening not only to a great musician but a great man.

My feelings about 'The Critics' nowadays may be described thus: I am seldom inclined to switch them off in mid-course and I never do so, but I seldom fail to heave a gentle sigh of relief when the end comes. The occasions when my enjoyment is unmitigated come more rarely. Why is this? It has nothing to do with the members of the teams, but something doubtless with whether I am acquainted or not with the subjects of their criticisms. But what I have come to dislike is the form of this programme. The set piece spoken by each critic in turn seems to me now to contrast uncomfortably with the free, unkempt discussion which follows. Was it because this form has grown too stereotyped for me and for the critics themselves that their excellent team in Paris last week disappointed me? Perhaps.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Pastoral—Heroical

THE THIRD PROGRAMME has kept us in touch with all manner of public concerts, but until last week it had not apparently undertaken the responsibilities of impresario. The new venture is directed to the performance of four concerts in the Royal Festival Hall of some of the unfamiliar dramatic works of Mozart. The advantages of the procedure are the excellence of the hall for this kind of music and the presence of a real live audience, as distinct from a collection of dead-heads, to stimulate the performers. It is to be hoped that the venture will be a financial as well as an artistic success; for there are still many enemies prowling round to find excuses for attacks upon the most remarkable phenomenon in our present-day cultural life.

The first programme of this series brought us a complete performance of 'Il Re Pastore', which is known to the musical public generally as the source of the soprano aria, 'L'amerò, sarò costante'. This fine piece, with its concertante solo violin, proved, when heard in its context, to be *prima inter pares*. For the work consists of a succession of such airs, mostly in the concerto-style. One of them, Amyntas' 'Aer tranquillo', actually opens with an idea which Mozart used to better purpose a few weeks later in the Violin Concerto in G major. It would be idle to pretend that there is any dramatic interest in 'Il Re Pastore'. How could there be, when the text by Metastasio consists of an outpouring of platitudes, couched in the noblest language, upon the theme of love *versus* reasons of state, to which the verses of the airs have singularly little relevance? The interest is musical and consists in Mozart's astonishing ability to give life to the most conventional turns of phrase. Such drama as there is in the story was not helped by the parsonical delivery of the narrator.

The performance was surprisingly good—surprising because it is not easy to find singers who can sing this kind of music stylishly. Miss Ritchie and Miss Stader, as the shepherd-king and her lover, were perhaps too little contrasted in vocal tone to produce an effect of variety, still less of the supposed distinction of sex. Miss Walburga Wegner unexpectedly showed

that the voice of a Verdian Leonora can adapt itself to eighteenth-century *opera seria*, and there was a good leading tenor, Juan Oncina, a newcomer with a pleasant and flexible voice. It was no fault of his that he hardly fulfilled one's idea of what Alexander the Great should be! The performance was capably directed by Harry Blech.

The main orchestral events of a not very exciting week were the Wednesday concert in the Home Service at which the B.B.C. Orchestra played a heterogeneous programme under Leopold Stokowski, and the Bartók concert relayed from Paris in the Third. If it is

true that Stokowski arrived on the eve of his concert and after a couple of rehearsals achieved these highly finished performances, that reflects great credit both on him and on the orchestra. Perhaps another rehearsal would have enabled him to carry matters a stage further—to give suppleness and fluidity to the music so that, for instance, the cloud-shapes of Debussy's 'Nuages' would have dissolved and reformed as they floated by. One had, instead, the impression of a sharply focused 'still' photograph—no magic in 'Fêtes', no mysterious seductiveness in 'Sirènes'. Rubbra's Fifth Symphony came off better and one was glad to

have this fine score so lucidly expounded, even though some of it was made to sound more lumpy than necessary.

The Bartók concert was given by the Berlin Radio Orchestra under Ferenc Fricsay. The performances seemed to me faithful, but hardly of such merit as to deserve their almost delirious reception by the Parisian audience. In the Second Piano Concerto, which stood out as the master-work in the programme, soloist and orchestra, especially the drums, were not always together. In the Divertimento the strings displayed a good, solid tone.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Early Western Music

By GILBERT REANEY

The first of four programmes of early medieval music will be broadcast at 6.0 p.m. on Whit Sunday, June 1 (Third)

TO the average music-lover, music is unthinkable without harmony. Even the unaccompanied violin sonatas of Bach are suspect, though they are to some extent polyphonic. This attitude is a not unreasonable one, for harmony is the most precious heritage of western music, and indeed it has even been grafted on to oriental music in the present century. However, in the Middle Ages, when harmony began to develop, music was still written in the main for a single melodic line. But the advance of polyphony was rapid, and by the fourteenth century monody was a dying art. Certainly the Gregorian chant remained in use owing to its traditional authority, but from the twelfth to the nineteenth century it declined, and even in its present reformed state it is usually accompanied by the organ.

There can be no doubt that organum is the earliest form of harmony known in the west. The question, however, that has caused much ink to flow, is when did this first come into being. Even the Greeks may have known a rudimentary harmony, judging from such writers as Plato and Aristotle, although references to consonance seem to be concerned more with the harmony of the melodic line. Be that as it may, a more interesting hint at polyphony is revealed by the name 'paraphonists' given to certain members of the papal choir in the seventh century. The suggested meaning, men who sing the given melody at the distance of a fourth or a fifth from their fellows, is unfortunately mere guesswork, but the term may well refer to part-singing.

Abandoning these very fascinating hypotheses, let us examine the surer evidence of the earliest written organum in the ninth century, *Musica Enchiridis*. This frightening title simply means a musical handbook. The interesting examples it gives are pieces of organum at the interval of a fourth, which may either be used throughout, or be substituted by the unison, second or third at the beginning and end to avoid descending too low. The principle is simple. Underneath a piece of plainsong, sung in slow, even notes, is placed the accompanying voice. A third and fourth part may be added an octave higher, duplicating the two original ones. If this music is set against the background of Romanesque architecture, it seems the perfect complement to the massive columns and arches of ninth-century cathedrals, in spite of the fact that the home of western church polyphony seems to have been northern rather than southern France.

While everything points to the fact that organum was sung, one cannot help wondering whether it was in some way connected with the organ, which was the only instrument allowed in medieval churches. Strasbourg Cathedral had

one as early as 830, and the fabulous four-hundred-pipe organ at Winchester, an important centre of organal composition, was in existence by 980. Once again, however, the difficulty of terminology seems insurmountable, since the word 'organum' could mean so many things in the Middle Ages. Nevertheless, it seems reasonable to conclude that the musical form, organum, derived its name from the instrument.

For two centuries at least, organum was mainly improvised, but with the advent of contrary motion, more varied harmonic intervals and organal parts with more than one note to each note of the plainsong, some form of notation became essential. Sometimes, as with the eleventh-century Winchester Troper, this is undecipherable, but neumes placed on lines, or as if on lines, can usually be read. Even better in some ways is the alphabetical system, which, however, lost favour later because it did not reveal rhythm. With the school of St. Martial at Limoges, c. 1100, there is to be observed not only an important output of music, but also a distinct advance on previous work. The two principles of writing are the old note-against-note system, but this only for certain specially rhythmic or metric passages, and the newer one of a quick-flowing upper part against the plainsong, which had long been established in the lower voice. Outside France, little music of this period has been preserved, though that little follows French principles, for in the Middle Ages France was the centre of musical composition.

The importance of the twelfth-century school of St. Martial is offset by that of Notre Dame. Its rise seems to coincide with the building of the new cathedral in Paris shortly after the middle of the twelfth century, and it is significant that for the first time the monastic foundations yield pride of place to the great cathedrals. The great names of the period, Leoninus and Perotinus, are to be found in none of the big contemporary musical manuscripts. Information about them is limited to the chance remarks of an anonymous Englishman, whose treatise belonged to the Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds in the Middle Ages. Leoninus, 'the most excellent writer of organa', composed a huge collection of two-part works, and he was followed by Perotinus, 'the most excellent writer of discant', who shortened many of the works of his predecessor and inserted or substituted new and better sections.

The basis of Leoninus' compositions must have been the organa of St. Martial, for, although his works are longer and more developed, they have the same basic design, which does not lack something of the improvisatory. This is all the more remarkable, since

a very similar form of polyphony is actually performed at the present day on the island of Madagascar by natives who use no notation. This 'organum' has the rhapsodic flow, the long-held tenor notes, the note-against-note sections and two-part form of the earlier compositions.

Perotinus was a more original figure than Leoninus. He abandoned the improvisations of his predecessor for the most part, and put discipline into music, particularly by his rhythmic designs, both in the plainsong tenor and in the upper parts. Moreover, he liked to compose for three or more voices, as we know from the remarks of the anonymous Englishman. It is extremely fortunate that the great four-part organa 'Viderunt' and 'Sederunt' have come down to us in manuscript form, for they reveal the summit of the art of the great Perotinus.

It is difficult to appreciate the greatness of this music at first. Several voices seem to wander along in triple time, constantly colliding with one another till they come to a cadence. Then off they go again. The impression, however, is a superficial one, quite understandable when one realises that this music is 750 years old and completely different from anything to which we are accustomed. The essential thing is to look beyond the individual sentences and examine the work as a whole. The form indeed has astonishing breadth. Very likely it will begin with an extremely long pedal point in the plainsong with the upper voices intertwining dizzily above. After this come shorter points, with all kinds of vocal combinations in the upper parts, such as sequence and canonic imitation. The harmony is interesting, for each part is built outwards from the tenor, with little concern for the other voices. Thus the astounding collisions, which, however, always resolve on a 'chord' consisting of fifths and octaves, are accounted for. The climax of the composition is the final section, which may conclude with a species of cadenza. The impression of climax is skilfully created not by increasing the tempo, but by increasing the number of notes in the tenor. With Perotinus this is all in the strictest triple rhythm, as the notation, a great step forward on previous attempts, clearly shows.

The artistic value of such music cannot be measured in words, but its place is already assured among the classics of western musical art. The largest and most complex organa are certainly virtuosic pieces, but in their virtuosity has been harnessed to Christian faith and a self-denying craftsmanship which have since been lost. In this perhaps lies the secret of the appeal of medieval music for the present age, which so lacks the sense of direction supremely evident in medieval art.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

BUYING A CARPET

I THINK NOWADAYS we all have much the same thing in mind when we buy a new carpet. We want to be sure we get something hard-wearing, and that can only be judged by handling it. Brush the pile with your hand, you can feel if it is closely packed, and you should get a feeling of firmness, and body and weight. Feel the backing too, and make sure it is firm and tight.

Broadly speaking, the choice is between three types. First there is haircord—that is a carpet with an uncut pile, which people often have on staircases. Then there is Wilton which is rather more luxurious and is a cut-pile carpet, made in a wide range of colours. So is Axminster, which has a rather longer and looser pile than Wilton. Carpet prices are not controlled now, there is just a ceiling price, so you must expect slight variations. Generally speaking, these types range from one to three pounds a yard for a carpet twenty-seven inches wide made up by seaming. An average grade broadloom works out at about three guineas a square yard.

Whether you hunt for something ready-made that is roughly the size of your room rather than have carpet made up to the measurement you want, depends on whether you are having a plain carpet or a patterned one. If you are having plain, then I would say get it made up by the yard. If your choice is for a pattern, then it might be worth searching for a ready-made one. But remember, a shaped, fitted carpet generally goes down and stays down in the same position. If you have a square, it can be turned occasionally to equalise the wear.

With regard to a stair carpet try not to economise on this. If you have to budget carefully, you will do better with a top-grade haircord than you will with a low-grade Axminster or Wilton. Remember, a cut-pile carpet must be

laid with the pile falling over the nose of the stair. Otherwise you brush its hair on end every time you sweep the stairs down. Also buy an extra half yard for every flight of stairs. The extra piece makes it possible to move the carpet two or three inches up and down twice a year. This helps the life of the carpet by spreading the wear.

Fading is also something we have to be prepared for. Blue is a bad fader, and fading shows more in the strong colours than it does in pastel shades. So when you are planning a general colour scheme, it is important to allow for some toning down in the carpet.

A CARPET SPECIALIST

SOUSED HERRINGS

There are not a lot of exact rules about quantities and flavouring for soured herrings. You can vary your herbs and spices and the type of vinegar you use; you can arrange your herrings laid flat or parcelled up like bedding rolls; you can be lavish with onion or stingy with it.

The first thing, of course, is to get the fish cleaned and topped and tailed and split open. It is easy enough to ease out the backbone with your fingers—and with it most of the smaller bones. If the herrings are little ones, you can leave them split open but not cut right through; and then roll them up tightly in one piece. If you are coping with big fish, it is best to make a complete cut through when you are doing the boning; and then make two rolls to each fish. But before you begin the rolling up you must do your seasoning, a sprinkle of salt and pepper, black pepper for choice.

The next step is to pack the herrings into a shallow fireproof dish with a lid. They should snuggle very close together. Underneath them,

and on top, we have a thick layer of thinly sliced onion, and for flavouring try four cloves, a bay-leaf, and a sprig of thyme.

Then there is the liquid that is going to soak these flavours into the fish, and have such a softening effect on the remaining bones that they will be no bother at all. I use half water and half vinegar myself: and if you like the flavour, use tarragon vinegar. You want just enough of this liquid to set the top layer of onion slightly awash: and then on goes the lid and into a slow oven with your dish, for this is a job which ought to be done gently. It takes about one hour and a half—certainly no less.

Now something important: the soured herrings should not be eaten till the next day. They need time to soak.

RUTH DREW

Notes on Contributors

TERENCE PRITTE (page 855): *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Germany

TERKEL TERKELSEN (page 858): editor of *Berlingske Tidende* (Danish morning newspaper)

A. K. CAIRNCROSS (page 865): Professor of Applied Economics in Glasgow University since 1951; economic adviser to the Board of Trade, 1946-49, and to O.E.E.C. 1949-50

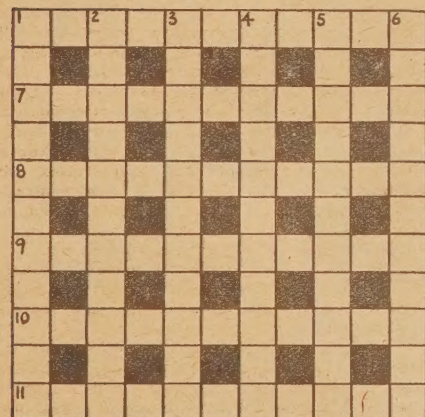
H. L. BEALES (page 870): Reader in Economic History in London University since 1931; author of *Industrial Revolution, Early English Socialists*, etc.

W. K. C. GUTHRIE (page 872): Reader in Classics and Public Orator at Cambridge University; author of *Orpheus and Greek Religion, The Greeks and their Gods*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,152. The Following Have Arrived—II. By Babs

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The answers are the names of the twelve horses entered for the Muddelcombe Selling Plate. Their sires and dams are given, and should be of some help to solvers. The racing expert's comments are also helpful in that each contains an anagram of the horse's name in eleven consecutive letters, beginning or ending with a complete word, and ignoring punctuation. No allusion is intended to any real racehorse, living or dead.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. By NIL SIMILE out of PIANISSIMO. Has the largest feet ever, plus a tight lip and an ill temper.
7. By GENTLEMAN JOCKEY out of RHODA FLEMING. It gets worse, her cataract does; I'd shoot her pronto.
8. By THE BREAK out of ADULTATION. You need your spurs or your whip to budge him at all.
9. By RAY'S A LAUGH out of CAN'T SEE ME. Is prone to be tired out travelling to the starting post.
10. By NUNC DIMITTIS out of TONGUE TWISTER. If disgruntled punters utter a 'Bah', like a sheep, I'll echo it.
11. By BARITONE out of RANGEFINDER. Has helped the Land Army too often to have any verve remaining.

DOWN

1. By ONE ROUND out of COME BY CHANCE. Does well in every bally test run, but crumples in the real event.
2. By SHAM AMATEUR out of ALWAYS VIENNA. A high stepper; might trip on as a Russian ballerina.
3. By LEATHERWARE out of SUMMER SUNSHINE. Are there always good excuses for his flops? Yes, always.
4. By BALLPLAYER out of COROZO. Has been apt to vary, scoring anything from eighth to fourteenth.
5. By WHITEHEADED BOY out of CUSHENALL. Though he has the courage of a lion, his brains and speed are nil.
6. By BEDRIDDEN out of GRISELDA. The sort of horse I would extirpate, even at my own expense.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Solution of No. 1,150

Prizewinners:

1st prize: D. Will-

cocks (Worcester);

2nd prize: E. A.

Williams (London,

S.W.15); 3rd prize:

Rev. P. Lewis

(Lynginge)

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I	M	P	A	L	E	G	I	R	T	A
N	B	O	N	D	A	G	E	R	I	N
N	O	D	D	E	N	O	U	G	H	
E	B	B	A	R	E	R	W	O	U	T
A	I	L	O	R	A	S	M	I	N	
S	T	A	R	R	E	S	E	N	E	
A	S	S	O	A	M	T	E	R	E	A
M	A	T	C	H	O	R	D	E	R	
H	A	R	T	O	E	N	A	I	L	E
E	N	E	N	O	R	E	P	A	S	S
S	H	Y	N	E	S	S	H	E	E	T

NOTES

Across. 9. Imp-ale. 11. Trig rev. 13. Bond age. 18. 3 mngs. 22. Tail-or. 29. Ess-ene. 33. Hidden and lit. 39. Anag. 40. Dan Leno, famous clown. 41. Re-pas-s.

Down. 2. (S)ambo. 6. Egg-shells. 10. Dop rev. (2 mngs.). 12. (S)anguine. 17. Stab rev. and man, and lit. 18. B-I-as. 20. Ras(pu)n. 21. 38. 24. Flecker. 'Hassan'. 28. So-oh-ay, rev. 36. From India. 37. Seel, anag.

QUOTAGRAMS—SOLUTIONS

Across. 1. Milton: 'P.L.', Bk. viii, l. 263. 5. Keats: 'Eve of St. Agnes', xxx. 14. Tennyson: 'In Memoriam', cvii. 15. Poe: 'The Raven', l. 3. 16. Wordsworth: 'The Tables Turned', 19. Pope: 'Essay on Criticism', l. 525. 21. Shakes: 'Macbeth', V, i, 38. 24. Flecker: 'Hassan', l. 26. R. Crashaw: 'Hymn of the Nativity', 31. Shakes: 'M.N.D.', III, iv, 83. 32. Burns: 'Tam o' Shanter', l. 57. 34. Shakes: 'J. Caesar', V, v, 46. 35. Scott: 'Lay of the Last Minstrel', introd. 38. Shakes: 'J. Caesar', III, i, 207. 42. Gilbert: 'The Mikado', II, 43. Cunningham: 'A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea'.

Down. 1. Tennyson: 'In Memoriam', xxi. 3. Shakes: 'Hamlet', IV, v, 26. 4. Longfellow: 'The Builders'. 5. Arnold: 'Empedocles on Etna', l. ii, 447. 7. Shelley: 'To a Skylark'. 8. Wordsworth: 'Intimations of Immortality', ii. 25. Kingsley: 'Letter to Thomas Hughes'. 9. Shakes: 'M. of Venice', I, iii, 102. 29. Milton: 'Il Penseroso', l. 179. 30. Coleridge: 'The Ancient Mariner', pt. vi. 31. Tennyson: 'In Memoriam', xviii. 33. Shelley: 'Wheat the Lamp'.

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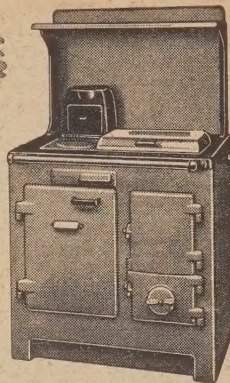
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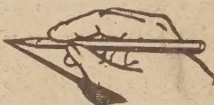
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CANFORD SUMMER SCHOOL OF MUSIC, BOURNEMOUTH

August 10th-17th August 17th-24th

In association with members of:

Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra
Bournemouth Municipal Choir
Bournemouth Student Orchestra

President and Guest Conductor:

CHARLES GROVES

Director: NOEL HALE

Staff includes:

Leslie Woodgate, Trevor Harvey, Boyd Neel, Carl Dolmetsch, Sidney Harrison, Sydney Northcote, Douglas Cameron, William Appleby, Antony Brown, The Armstrong String Quartet, and many other well-known personalities in music.

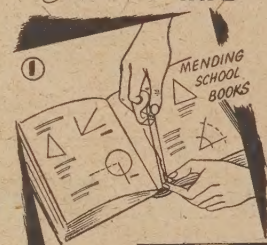
A Concert will be given by members of the School at the Winter Gardens, Bournemouth, on Saturday, August 23rd, 1952.

Perfect holiday amenities for musicians and non-musicians at a great saving on hotel costs.

Prospectus from:

Organising Secretary, 336a, Poole Road,
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